SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL. BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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Vigor and Correctness

"VIGOR, of course, not correctness, is the mark of good critical, as it is the mark of good creative writing," says Mr. Carl Van Doren, reviewing in the sixtieth anniversary number of the *Nation* the literary history of the most distinguished critical journal which America has ever produced. Yet Mr. Van Doren, we are sure, would be the first to protest that vigor alone does not make good criticism, and that more often than not the best critical writing is correct as well as vigorous—that, indeed, to the extent to which thought is correct is it apt to be vigorous.

We have had much of late in American critical writing of a sort of false vigor—a vigor that is vehemence with an axe to grind—and it has done something to keep criticism from enjoying its due estate. For it has helped to spread abroad in the public mind the impression that criticism is a propagandist vehicle, that it makes cause with the beliefs of a coterie, or the prejudices of a school, and in its lowest form is enlisted in the service of the reputation of an individual or a circle. Admit, whatever its disputants may say, that the great part of this critical writing has sprung from an honest enthusiasm, or from an honest intolerance, and has been informed with sincerity and earnestness. Nevertheless it remains true that it has lacked genuine vigor, the vigor of which Mr. Van Doren writes, and we venture to say that it has lacked it in part because it has written down the academic and the correct as synonymous and the correct therefore as anathema, and in part because it has been too volatile.

* * *

Mere zest for literature, and readiness to kindle to sincere endeavor, or striking performance, no matter how animated emotions they may be, do not constitute true vigor. Nor does animosity against a supposedly outworn creed or time-honored dicta. The vigor which lies at the heart of good criticism, and which Mr. Van Doren rightly holds to be the essence of good writing, is not mere energy, or frenzy, or even enthusiasm, but something sturdier than any of these, something that presupposes caution born of knowledge, tastes alert to the new through familiarity with the old, and a very passion of desire for the true and lofty. Eagerness there must be, and an immense curiosity, in the critic who is worth his salt, but with it all a seasoned judgment and the restraint that knows how to balance achievement against intention, and both against precedent.

We have had few, if any, critics in the past decade such as the rolls of the *Nation* could show when Lowell and Howells, Henry James and William James were among the long list of distinguished contributors who lent a ripe penetration to its pages. And we have lacked them at a period when more than ever before in our history criticism has been offered opportunity for expression. Perhaps we have lacked them because of the very increase in the number of popular reviewing mediums and the ready accessibility of their columns to the amateur who thinks liking for books sufficient equipment for writing about them. The great extension of the reading public brought about by the vast number of cheap reprints and the increase of the library facilities of the country has made an interest in books the property of the many, and has shaped criticism to the tastes of the general public rather than to the more discerning judgment of the cultured. News, rather than interpretation of literature, is what the masses want. In the general confusion of values correctness has come to wear a forbidding air, and sprightliness and cleverness to masquerade as vigor. Against these false conceptions the abler criticism must be constantly warring, and is never more effectively warring than when it can show vigor in alliance with correctness.

Antiphon

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL

THE mind of man is a door:
A song will open, or close it.

A song will open, or close it.

Mother of Songs, secret mother,
Sitting by the reeded banks of bright waters,
Open, thou, our minds.

Open, thou, our minds.

We see clearly, and not darkly.
The clouds have crowned us with mitres of understanding.
The ferns have set their gold croziers in our hands.
We are shepherds of thoughts.

We are shepherds of thoughts.

Death cannot touch us.
His quiver is arrowless against us.
Moon is our breathing, and sun the beating of our hearts.
We live for ever.

We live for ever.

For ever through time,
And through the life that is not time,
But an endless folding and unfolding.

But an endless folding and unfolding.

This Week

"The Sonnets of Shakespeare" and "The Shakespearean Insignia." Reviewed by *W. A. Neilson.*

"Prairie Fires." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"The Negro and His Songs." Reviewed by *Eric Walrond.*

"The Religion of a Skeptic." Reviewed by *Adrian Richt.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Edward Everett." Reviewed by *M. A. DeWolfe Howe.*

"The Torch Bearers." Reviewed by *Sir Oliver Lodge.*

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George Meredith

GEORGE MEREDITH'S reputation has undergone curious vicissitudes. Reviewing the state of English fiction in 1883, Mark Pattison mentioned him as "well known by name to the widest circle of novel readers. By name because his name is a label, warning them not to touch." This ban was lifted for a while by the publication in 1885 of "Diana of the Crossways" with its sensational plot turning on the revelation of a state secret by a beautiful rebel against the social conventions of her day, and first the novels, then the poetry, became the chosen mental pabulum of the young intellectuals in college. Lately this class, so far as it exists in any force, has turned its attention elsewhere, and Mark Pattison's ironical verdict again holds good.

Meredith's works, however, continue to be issued in new editions, and Professor René Galland of the University of Grenoble, known to readers of *The Saturday Review* as an acute critic of contemporary French literature, has recently made Meredith the subject of one of those elaborate doctoral studies which excite the envy of our graduate schools by their combination of meticulous scholarship with ease and skill in presentation. Dr. Galland evidently began his investigation in the closing years of Meredith's life, when the novelist's fame was at its height, and the thoroughness of his treatment may be judged from the fact that his portly volume* of over 400 pages brings his survey of Meredith's work only to 1878. The main lines of his study and its conclusions are, however, clearly indicated; not only are new facts presented, especially with reference to the beginning of Meredith's literary career and the causes of his rupture with his first wife, the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, but the development of Meredith's genius is traced in such a detailed and careful way as to make clear much that has hitherto remained unknown or unrealized, and the analysis suggests some reasons why Meredith's novels fail to appeal to the younger readers of today.

Students of Meredith whose sympathies have been enlisted by his liberal attitude on such issues as the position of women, marriage, and the relation of evolution to orthodoxy, have found it difficult to bring into focus an early letter of his written to a schoolfellow, in which he expresses himself with the conventional piety of the Moravian Brothers, from whose tuition he was just then issuing to begin independent life in London. Dr. Galland points out that this evangelical Christianity, far from being entirely discarded, gave Meredith the moral ideal which is the foundation of all his work. The rites, the dogmas, were indeed discarded; the moral ideal was held all the firmer.

Dr. Galland finds moral significance in Meredith's first venture into fiction, "The Shaving of Shagpat," in spite of its oriental form, which goes back to the "Thousand and One Nights." The moral intention of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is more evident. "Evan Harrington" is the young author's effort to free his soul from the snobbishness of the circle in which he was born. "Rhoda Fleming" attacks the conventional notions of provincial respectability, and "Sandra Belloni" opens the long Meredithian campaign in fiction against sentimentalism. This campaign is continued in "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," which is at

* George Meredith, Les Cinquante Premières Années. By René Galland. Paris: Les Presses Françaises. 1923.

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the same time a companion study in education to "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." "Beauchamp's Career," suggested by the personality and experience of Meredith's friend Maxse, whom he had helped in an unsuccessful parliamentary candidature for Southampton in 1867, is not merely a picture of the crass conservatism of the British public at that time, but also a struggle between the forces of egoism and sacrifice in the hero's own breast; even the protests of Meredith's adored Marie Vulliamy, whom he had married not long before, could not dissuade him from the sacrifice of his hero's life, which gives the story such a grim ending; Dr. Shrapnel, the older friend who stands in the same relation to Beauchamp as Meredith did to Maxse, is, as Dr. Galland points out, essentially a moralist, insisting that love involves self-sacrifice.

It seems unnecessary to continue Dr. Galland's thesis by a further examination of the novels; the moral significance of "The Egoist" is as obvious as the skill of its psychological analysis. It was because of its moral side that it was appreciated by Robert Louis Stevenson, and it was on the same score that Henry James classed Meredith as fundamentally English, Victorian, and "bourgeois." As early as 1877 Swinburne in his "Note on Charlotte Bronte" described Meredith and George Eliot as artists of the first order of intelligence, but of the second order of genius, whose work is "of high enough quality to engage our judgment in its service, and to make direct demand on our grave for deliberate assent or dissent," but does not command our instinctive response to genius of the first rank. Dr. Galland exclaims at Swinburne's collocation of Meredith with George Eliot, but the conjunction seems to be broadly consistent with his own point of view.

Meredith himself, in his examination of the English novel in the first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways," said it needed to be "fortified by philosophy," and by philosophy he meant ethics, for he had no taste for metaphysics. With reference to his "Grand Ode," "France 1870," he wrote to John Morley, then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*:

> From my point of view of sympathy and philosophy. . . . Latterly I have felt poetically weakened by the pressure of philosophical reflection, but this is going, and a fuller strength comes of it, for I believe I am within the shadow of the Truth, and as it's in my nature to sing, I may now do well.

As the general opinion of Meredith's admirers agrees with that of the poet as to the effective combination of feeling and philosophy in the Ode, which marks the height of his poetic achievement, it seems worth while to inquire wherein that philosophy consists. He ascribes the humiliation of France, not on the one hand to a Special Providence on the side of Germany (after the fashion of the new made Emperor) nor on the other merely to superior German skill and organization, still less (as the French were inclined to do themselves) to treachery on the part of their leaders; the French were betrayed by what was false within their own hearts, their worship of the military glory of the First Napoleon and their acceptance of the hollow imitation of it by Napoleon III. They appealed to force, and force failed them.

> Lo, Strength is of the plain root—Virtues born:
> Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in scorn,
> Train by endurance, by devotion shape.
> Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
> It is the offspring of the modest years,
> The gift of sire to son, thro' those firm laws
> Which we name God's; which are the righteous cause,
> The cause of man, and manhood's ministers.

He exhorts France to return to her better self:

> Die to thy Vanity and strain thy Pride,
> Strip off thy Luxury: that thou mayst live.

The same moral intent is to be noted in the series of short poems by which Meredith is most likely to be remembered, "Modern Love":

> Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
> The union of this ever-diverse pair!
> These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
> Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
> Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
> They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers:
> But they fed not on the advancing hours.

Curiously enough, we find the same moral conviction controlling Meredith's policy as "reader" for Chapman & Hall, a post which for many years supplied the main part of his income. We have a signal example of this in his treatment of one of the most popular novels of the day, "East Lynn." He gave a curtly hostile opinion when the manuscript was submitted to him, and in spite of the protests of the novelist's friends and his own publishers, he refused to reconsider that opinion, even when the novel had been issued with general acclaim by another house. Dr. Galland says, no doubt rightly, that Meredith was anxious to contribute to the moral and literary education of the public; he believed in the good or bad influence of a book on ideas and morals. The works of Mrs. Wood, Lynn Linton, and Ouida, more or less hostile to the emancipation of women and little conducive to their moral development, provoked his vigorous hate and indignation, and he did all that was in his power to prevent their publication.

This view of Meredith as a moralist, which Dr. Galland works out in detail, puts Meredith into line with his great predecessor, Carlyle, his great contemporary, George Eliot, and his successors in English fiction. The "philosophy" with which he fortified the novel was continued on its political and educational sides by H. G. Wells, and on its social and personal side by Galsworthy. But his own novels have fallen into neglect. His preoccupation with the moral significance of his work led him perhaps to give insufficient attention to its form; either he had little narrative skill or he underestimated this important element of the novelist's art. The novel was not his first choice of a medium for conveying his ideas to the public; he thought of himself first of all as a poet, and he was driven to novel writing, as to journalism and the office of Chapman & Hall, by sheer economic necessity. With dogged persistence he continued, in these various activities, to force upon the public the ideas in which he had faith. These ideas were unpopular because they were in advance of the time; the public had to grow up to them, and it proceeded, in large part, to outgrow them, chiefly by a process of absorption. So that, while Meredith's place in the history of English literature is secure, there seems little prospect of such a return to popular favor as has been reported recently in England for Anthony Trollope and George Eliot. The section of contemporary life he describes is more limited, and he puts greater difficulties in the way of the reader, not only by his idiosyncrasies of style but by the demands he makes on the reader's knowledge and intelligence Hardy's great novels have continued to hold their own as masterpieces of the novelist's art, in spite of the grim philosophy which lies behind them. But Hardy, George Eliot, and Anthony Trollope are all willing to go at least half way to meet the reader and to engage his interest. Meredith makes no concessions; he said in so many words that in the face of public neglect, he wrote "only to please himself." He has wit, but in its most brilliant coruscations it is more likely to dazzle the ordinary reader than to enlighten or amuse him. Meredith will always win the admiration of a select few, and some of his poems hold a permanent place in the rich treasury of English verse; but his novels seem likely to retain their Victorian reputation of being "caviare to the general," though not altogether for the reasons which earned that reputation half a century ago.

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The style and method of presentation still offer obstacles to the average reader; the "philosophy," which once offended by its radicalism, now seems hedged in by Victorian reserves which give it a flavor of antiquity. No doubt there are many young conservatives who have not yet caught up to the essential liberalism of Meredith's point of view, and would be greatly benefited by a perusal of his novels, but they are frightened away by their reputation for difficulty; and the young radicals find his moral teaching behind the times. He would not have been content, like Joseph Conrad, to uphold such primitive virtues as loyalty and solidarity by romantic stories directed first of all to make the reader see and feel; he strove to teach more precise, moral virtues, to advocate a sound intellectual discipline, and to declare himself on definite social and political issues, which seemed to him important in his own time. On these issues, partly owing to Meredith's advocacy, the battle has been won; but, much as one may admire his independence of character and the extraordinary vigor of his mind, one is bound to acknowledge that his novels have less chance of enduring interest than the work of men who gave their chief attention to the art of the novel in itself. If the English-speaking nations, or any one of them, can develop a race of intellectual giants who can easily leap the crags and ravines of Meredith's poetry and can take a simple pleasure in the keen dialectic of the novels, there will be a good chance of a revival of his fame; but that eventuality seems at present rather remote.

Shakespearean Criticism

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited from The Quarto of 1609, with Introduction and Commentary. By T. G. TUCKER. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press: 1924.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA AND AN ELIZABETHAN MANIA. By JOHN F. FORBIS. New York: American Library Service. 1924.

Reviewed by W. A. NEILSON
Smith College

THESE two volumes are admirable examples of two contrasted types of Shakespearean interpretation. Professor Tucker's volume is obviously the result of many years of study and thought by a man of wide culture and scholary habit. Equipped with a knowledge of the technique of textual criticism, he has become saturated with the scholarship of the Elizabethan period and especially of the Sonnets, and so furnished has produced what one is tempted to regard as a final edition. The Introduction deals critically with all those theories of the origin and significance of the Sonnets as a group which may be regarded as still in the field. His judgment is both sane and subtle, and his own conclusions are urged with modesty and restraint. The Commentary is very full and extraordinarily candid. One seldom finds so valiant a determination to shirk no obscurity, whether one has a solution or not. Many readers will find many notes unnecessary; but for a definitive edition, Dr. Tucker has erred, if at all, on the safer side.

The book challenges comparison with the admirable variorum edition of the late Professor R. M. Alden. The latter, by its method, was bound to record much that was of merely curious or historical interest, much that was absurd; and like all variorum editions, had its bulk swollen and its convenience reduced by masses of dead matter. Dr. Tucker was free to ignore all that was not relevant to the question of actual meaning, and so has produced a more serviceable volume. Editions more brilliant, like that of Wyndam, have been produced, none more workmanlike, and none so satisfactorily supplying the needs of the student who wants to know what the Sonnets are and what they mean.

The equipment of the author of "The Shakespearean Enigma" is indicated by the complete inaccuracy of his opening sentence: "The authentic facts relating to the life, habits, and writings of Shakespeare are curiously vague and meager, if not altogether wanting." In order to compensate for this alleged vagueness and meagerness, Mr. Forbis turns to a scrutiny of Shakespeare's poems, and finds there what he regards as indubitable information not merely as to the meaning of these documents, but as to the life of the poet. With a single key he unlocks all the mysteries of Mr. W. H., "the onlie begetter," the dark lady, the rival poet, and the rest. This key is ALCOHOL. Shakespeare, he tells us, in his youth "contracted the habit of using intoxicants, and at the same time was developing his poetic art . . . It was a question with him, whether he was at his best, when free from stimulants or when writing under the inspiration which he imagined he gained through them." "The Sonnets," "The Lover's Complaint," "The Phœnix and the Turtle," all record the struggles of the poet with this question and with the temptation to alcoholic excess; and the present volume reprints all these poems with a prose paraphrase of each, and an application of the key. Here is an example of the method from Sonnet No. 130.

> My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
> Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
> If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
> If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

Interpretation.

> My mistress' (Wine's) eyes are nothing like the sun; coral is redder than her lips; if snow be white her breasts are dun; if hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. (There is a possibility that the color "dun" and "black wires" may give a clue to what particular liquors Shakespeare indulged in. The dun of course refers to color, and it is suspected the black wires refer to the retainer in which the liquor was sold or delivered. If so, the reference is probably to the manner in which the top or cork was secured.)

So much for the Shakespearean Enigma. The Elizabethan Mania is of the same nature. Not Shakespeare alone, but Petrarch, Sidney, Daniel, Lodge, Willobie, Drayton, and Spenser—all were dipsomaniacs, and wrote their sonnets in celebration not of any real or ideal Lauras or Stellas, but of Wine.

Comment is tempting, but we forbear.

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A Novel of the Soil

PRAIRIE FIRES. By LORNA DOONE BEERS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"PRAIRIE FIRES" is a spacious novel. Upon its broad canvas are projected the life of the Dakota farmer, his struggle against the grain monopolies and the faithless Legislature, and the difficulty of a romantic young girl in accommodating herself to the reality of life. Without going a step afield to fetch significances, it is a history, a tract, a satire, a love story, and a modern epic of the soil. And so interdependently do these aspects combine that the book advances like a coach drawn by five great horses abreast.

Set in the Dakota of a decade ago, prior to the formation of the Nonpartisan League, the story has to do chiefly with the fortunes of Hans Erickson and his family. Erickson, like most of his neighbors, is an extensive wheat-grower. The farmers are at the mercy of more than the elements and the vicissitudes of crops: they face the grain monopolies and the double-dealers they send to the Legislature. They face the small-town bloodsuckers, lawyers, and bankers who foreclose the mortgage on a farm after a single bad season. Attempting to save themselves, Erickson and a few other intelligent farmers build their own grain elevator, only to have their scheming opponents defeat them by buying wheat at a higher price from dull-witted harvesters who do not look beyond the present. But the destroyers go finally too far: they insult a group of farmers in the gallery of the Legislature, bidding them go home and "slop their hogs," and arousing the slow-to-anger Scandinavians so deeply that they form their own party and set about once again to build an elevator.

Miss Beers links this struggle between the farmer and his enemy with the consonant story of Erickson's daughter, Christine. She is a romantic girl in flighty rebellion against her farm life, dreaming of wealth and station in the world outside. She falls in love with a young chemist, Benjamin Paul, who is equally romantic in his ambitious dreams of fame and fortune. To consummate, as he thinks, these dreams, he gives up Christine although he is in love with her, and she marries Christian Lovstad, a vulgar and despicable small-town banker. He is by nature her father's economic foe, and she comes to loathe him personally. She and Benjamin plan to run away, but seeing how such an elopement would ruin his career, he once again throws her aside. Christine returns to Lovstad, tolerates him on the ground that all men are alike, and becomes highly satisfied with the life of gossip and material comfort which is symbolized by the Ladies' Aid Society.

Against her omnipresent background of the soil, so that in its modern way it becomes almost epic, Miss Beers draws the life of a whole agrarian people and of the Erickson family in particular. To the romantic struggle of the farmer to win his crops against the elements, she adds his further struggle to sell them in the face of modern economic warfare. Her rage against the wrongdoing of the lawyers and bankers and legislators is a noble rage; but she is too fair to let it go at that. She has a sense of the farmer's own impotence, of his stupidity and muddleheadedness. Hans, whom she makes intelligent and far-seeing, is able to see the situation in its true perspective:

> There is one inequality you can't blot out or ignore either—the inequality of brains. All the legislation could not help farmers as incapable as Axel or Shepley. I think that is the hardest thing to confess, that we are limited by the poorness of our minds.

Just, wise in experience, Hans is a human figure, one of those simple men who draw us to them with admiration and affection. Christine is human also; and she and Benjamin, as is rarely the case with the romantic type, are treated as people quite worthy of serious satire. Their romanticizing is ruthlessly slashed. The irony of Christine's final capitulation to small-town life is more than cynical disposal of her; in it lies Miss Beers's comprehension of the girl, and with it tie up the essential stupidity and materialism which run like an undercurrent through the book. For only a man like Hans, in his superior wisdom, can hope for the future, and in the superiority of his ideals—so different from the material and romantic ideals of the others—can remain true to them.

It would be unjust to Miss Beers to say nothing about the quality of her writing. "Prairie Fires" has more than the strong fibres of its substance; it has vitality, variety, a power of making its narrative march without slackening or interruption to the last page. Her descriptions are indigenous and fresh; she recaptures the sounds and sights and odors of a farm; she gives us, marvelously, the taste and pleasure of food. She has written a first novel whose promise cannot be judged more remarkable than its performance.

Negro Folk-Song

THE NEGRO AND HIS SONGS. By HOWARD W. ODUM and GUY B. JOHNSON. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1925.

Reviewed by ERIC WALROND

NO amount of urbanization, of flight into environments "hostile" to the true essence of the Negro spirit, can deprive the Negro of his enormous capacity as a creator of music and folk song. Georgia, Alabama, Africa, or the West Indies, is conducive to expressions of intense tropic warmth and beauty, but in Philadelphia, Chicago or New York this spirit-thing which differentiates the Negro from the Eskimo, for example, again struggles to the surface, albeit colored, not unexpectedly, by the consequences of life in an impressionably mechanical civilization. Which is to say that no matter where he finds himself, there is color, warmth, fervor in the black man's soul, so that, if he is not swerved by temptations of a nebulous racial present, whatever he does has the distinct mark of raciality upon it.

So far the best index to the character of the Negro is his music and folk songs. And particularly the

Arms of the imaginary "Royal House of Scarpa," from "The Carillon of Scarpa," by Flora Klickman (Putnams)

songs, for while the music is symbolical of determinant currents in his life, the songs acutally and oft-times crudely dramatize them. To an onlooker emphasis is placed upon moods or heart-desires that are relatively trivial. Or, what a white arranger may take to be an "immoral" expression may simply be a restatement through song of a differing moral point of view. Slaving on wharf or cotton field, driven to an emotional wall by the strenuousness of toil or the anger of an irate white "boss," the Negro realizes solace in song. In church or at camp meeting the divine flame of Jesus or the blistering prospect of a descent into Hell, give rise to spasms of fervent lyrical outbursts. Gathered together these songs or bits of folk-utterance make marvellous material for the study of both the folk lorist and sociologist.

Significant moments in the race's history and progress occasion many of these songs. There are, for instance, endless songs picturing the epic flow of peasant blacks from the South to the North. Unsophisticated flat-dwellers in the crowded negro tenements in Detroit and Philadelphia sing of the cold, frosty nights and the general physical disabilities of their new, virgin environment. When Marcus Garvey's "Black Star Line" collapsed the urchin gods of the Harlem pavements came along and dramatized the calamity in lines of the utmost "point" and power. And if there is one version of the "West Indian Blues," there are at least two hundred.

Of course it is not only in racial crises that the Negro bursts into song. It goes deeper than that; his is a musical nature. He may make a song out of a pal "going West," but the regular, uneventful flow of life also is dream-stuff for his lyre. Even "around the house,"—bare, drab, though it may be —there is provision for the realization of this song-quest. A whole family might have its roster of songs. I know for one that the songs which I heard in childhood are intelligible to few outside of my immediate relations. In fact, I have an idea that if each Negro would sit down and write from memory the songs concocted by his progenitors, or those to which he was exposed in adolescence, there would result the most amazing body of lore conceivable.

As the work of Southern white men, this book is a decided achievement. Although a large portion of the songs are culled from meritorious texts there is an amount of new material, gathered from negro sources in Northern Mississippi, Northern Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. In that portion of the book devoted to "social songs" the collection is of immense value. Here is rich, vital stuff—"Stagolee," "Honey, Take a One on Me," "Railroad Bill,"—exploits of a gay highwayman, a characteristic love melody, and the rovings of a race-track "rounder." In the work songs there is "The Grade Song."

> Well, I tole my captain my feet wus cold,
> "Po' water on fire, let wheelers roll!"
> Told my captain my han's wus cold.
> "God damn yo' hands, let the wheelers roll!"

The volume is marred slightly by an attitude, which I honestly believe is unconscious, to arrive at ethnic truths regarding the Negro which at times are pitifully absurd. The interpretations for the most part are academic and intrusive. Songs of subtlety and sophistication are held down to a precious minimum.

To me, however, the best thing about this book is that it richly illustrates the enormity of lore awaiting the energy and awakening of the negro scholar and folk lorist. For it is more or less common property in these United States today that if you really want to get to the heart and spirit of the black people you must do it through the medium of one of their own.

Rambles in London

RAMBLES IN OLD LONDON. By GEORGE BRYON GORDON. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs. 1924.

A LOITERER IN LONDON. By HELEN W. HENDERSON. New York: George H. Doran. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK V. MORLEY

LONDON! It is a fine town, as Mr. Masefield says in a song, and I know not how many million Cockneys, transatlantic and native, echo in their hearts. Everything else apart, as a city—as a stupendous outcome, at once a blot and glory of man's handiwork—it has the inestimable advantage of being old, while yet alive; of being very actively alive, while of amazing age. Rabbi Ben Ezra speaks from its temples, nursery rhymes clang out from its church-bells. It is the most familiar city of all; it has known everyone, and yet we call it by nicknames—some say, "the village"; others, "town"; others, "the city"; others, "my old lady London." London is an ale-wife, full-bosomed, red-faced, "forking to yer, strite"; else she is a dowager, bright-eyed, hook-nosed, loving a word of scandal; else—but there are far too many Londons to enumerate. The last word will never be said, even of London at one given moment.

Dr. Gordon's book is full of genial talk, but with a basis of sound scholarship that makes it doubly attractive; and his pictures are all that good photographs can be, when carefully selected and well annotated. Miss Henderson, too, relies on photographs; chooses them well,and talks about them very pleasantly. Her "Loiterer" series inevitably suggests comparison with Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Wanderer" books. For effortless ease of communication, for out of the way knowledge and understanding of human oddity and charm, it is difficult to measure up to that born *raconteur*. Yet Miss Henderson is sure and ready as a guide; she knows, if not the oldest places in present-day London, the places that the majority of people want to see. I would trust myself to her if I did not know the city, and desired to study it.

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The Religion of a Spectator

THE RELIGION OF A SKEPTIC. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925. $1.

Reviewed by ADRIAN RICHT

THE religion of our fathers, rigidly moral or partaking of the "sad reverence" which Arnold believed was the ultimate Nirvana of what Hellenists remained in his belated century, was a distinctly personal emotion, upon which no social concept intruded. Salvation or ecstasy equally were cordons between the individual micro-soul and God. Our own day with its widening and enriching of the social consciousness, largely the result of our new knowledge of heredity and psychology, has brought to some churches another interpretation of the faith. St. Marks-in-the-Bouerie and the Community Church on Park Avenue are two of its striking examples in this city (though in the former, it is true, other disassociated elements commingle). The new emphasis has travelled rapidly, finding many refuges; at any rate, hardly a day passes that we are not called upon to excommunicate another borer from within.

Against this latter necessarily temporal and transient corruption of an ephemeral and personal emotion, John Cowper Powys directs the burden of his protest, correctly recognizing the derivation of his religion from the personal or theological wing, which, nevertheless, he believes creaky and cumbersome now that science has outmoded it. He wishes neither theological philosophy nor sociological philosophy to preoccupy his mind—no philosophy at all, in fact, and no precise thought or feeling that might disturb the balance of his protoplasmic mysticism. That is really the reason that neither of the present religious systems satisfies him. He represents the new spirit of the new age, which many believe died with Victoria. He is the Dilletante. Just as the often subtle and profound transcendentalism of the social Christian utterly escapes him, the meaning of the label he has applied to himself is completely at variance with his representation, for what he has given us is the Religion of a Spectator.

His book will be praised by the great number of warm-hearted, vaguely feeling *literati* who prefer to have their emotions and write their poems in the dark. This warmth of feeling, this dizzy vagueness always just about to sweep one's emotions into a devastating wave—the reviewer checks himself from determining without further ado, the difference between this Ecstatic Wonder and ordinary sentimentality, at any rate as represented here. He recognizes, of course, the validity of a certain mood that might deserve this name, and is equally assured that it derives from a certain condition of the nervous system, which may or may not be normal, according to what standards one has; but this particular neurosis is not the one which Powys would cultivate. This latter is something more puerile, the desire of the jaded to be thrilled, an overstimulated dizziness mistaken for contemplation, something to be distinguished as shallow enjoyment from profound appreciation.

Consequently this is not a book to which one may apply one's philosophical prejudices, or in which one may seek implications of such a nature. Mr. Powys is repeatedly arbitrary beyond the possibility of discussion, as is in the nature of his religion, and also as in the nature of his religion, he asserts almost nothing. Science he accepts with the transcendentalist's condescension; and he ends with believing very, very little. G. K. Chesterton would find a malicious pleasure in writing about this religion, for he would see in it another example of the tendency of a "skeptical" attitude to disintegrate utterly into vagueness more intolerable than mere unbelief.

He would be wrong once more in taking Mr. Powys at his own valuation. There is nothing more profound and inherently steeped with religious experience than true skepticism, which takes the measure of reality, and feels its way to the light. It is a cult far richer in philosophic devotees than is generally recognized. Modern biology and psychology discover in Hume and Berkeley and Santayana the incompetent but inspiring prophets of the order. Individual experience, experiment, and introspection leaven the field. Powys's skepticism is not tapped from any of these sources; indeed, it derives, confessedly, from the dilletantism of Anatole France, and between this and philosophic skepticism there is a great gulf.

The Bowling Green

A Golden String

HERE and there, leavened in among lumpish masses of populace, are those to whom the name of the late Thomas Bird Mosher carries a special vibration. Mr. Mosher spent more than thirty years in betrothing books and readers to one another; like the zooming bumble-bee and with a similar hum of ectasy he sped from one mind to the next, setting the whole garden in a lively state of cross-fertilization. Some of us feared that this pollinating service of his would end with his death, two years ago. But it is a happiness to remark that a sagacious publisher has had the good sense to reissue, at a price within the reach of any properly parsimonious devotee, the famous twenty volumes of the *Bibelot.** This new edition, an exact facsimile of the original format, is Mosher's testament, both the greater and the less as his friend Villon would have said. These are the twenty books—yes, and duly stamped in black and red—that any clerk of Oxford would be glad to have at the head of his couch.

"The resurrectionist Mosher" his kinsprit Billy Reedy called him. Aye, how many exquisite things he disinterred, and how far ahead of the thundering herd to see the good things coming. In one of his crisp little prefaces he spoke of "that saving remnant who when they see a good thing know it for a fact at first sight." As early as 1900 he was hailing the Irish literary renaissance in Yeats, Lionel Johnson, Moira O'Neill and others; and coming to the defence of *vers libre*. It was in those little grey-blue *Bibelots*, chance-encountered in college days, that I first met such people as Fiona Macleod, Francis Thompson, Synge, Baudelaire, H. W. Nevinson, William Watson, Arthur Upson, Richard Jeffries, Arthur Symons, Alexander Smith . . . . one could carry on the list *ad lib*. What was there in this hardy sea-bred uncolleged downeaster that made him open so many magic portholes? He had the pure genius of book-fancy; an uneducated man, as uneducated as Chaucer and Lamb and Conrad; and I like to think that when he took Aldus's device for himself there was some memory of the time when an anchor meant more to him than an emblem printed on a title-page.

I like to think of the good luck of the people who are going to have the fun of learning, in this popularized *Bibelot*, something of the extraordinary thrills that literature can give. I think it is not extravagant to say that as a collection of a certain kind of delicacies, this cargo of Mosher's is unrivalled. I suppose it is the most sentimental omnibus that ever creaked through the cypress groves of Helicon. Like all men of robust, gamesome, and carnal taste, Mosher had a special taste for the divine melancholies of ink. Gently tweaked by subscribers for his penseroso strain, he replied "We shall prove that a humorous *Bibelot* is not, as we have been informed, out of our power to produce." But, speaking from memory, I believe he exhumed only the somewhat Scollay Squareish hilarities of James Russell Lowell's operetta about the fish-ball. Its title, "The Pesceballo," is the best of it.

I think indeed that a too skittish and sprightly *Bibelot* would have been out of the picture. Mosher's sentiment was of the high and fiery kind, the surplus of some inward biology that made him the rare Elizabethan he is said to have been. He was by no means the indiscriminating all-swallower; his critical gusto was nipping and choice; in those brief prefaces you will find many a live irony, many a graceful and memorable phrase. The particular task that he set himself in the *Bibelot* was, moreover, not prone to casual mirth. He was the seeker among "spent fames and fallen lights," the executor of unfulfilled renowns. The poets he loved were those who were "torches waved with fitful splendor over the gulfs of our blackness."

Take it in beam and sheer, the *Bibelot* is an anatomy of melancholy. It has been called an encyclopædia of the literature of rapture, but it is that kind of rapture which is so charmingly indistinguishable from despair. Mosher loved the dark-robed Muse: he emprisoned her soft hand and let her rave; he fed deep upon her peerless eyes. He was the prince of editors: he did not come to his task until he had tried other ways of life and found them dusty. He was almost forty when he began publishing, and what did he begin with? Meredith's "Modern Love!" Think of it, gentles. Would not that have looked like a lee shore to most bookmen in Portland, *arida nutrix* of publishers? But it was what he called the "precious minims" that interested him. There was in him more than the legal ½ of one per cent of Hippocrene. In 1895 he began his *Bibelot* and carried it through monthly numbers for twenty years. As editor he never obtruded himself. When he died I don't think there was a newspaper in America that had a photo of him available in its files. He was the potential author of one of the most fascinating autobiographies that were never written.

So it was that there came to us, from what has been called the stern and hidebound coast, this most personal and luxurious of anthologies. These twenty little grey briquettes pile up into a monument. He was always, in the phrase he loved to apply to his favorite writers, "touched to finest issues." He knew lapidary work when he saw it, and disregarded the young lions of the press. Once he spotted a poem written by a contributor to the old Bowling Green. At once he wrote for permission to reprint it in his catalogue. "It is one of the few things," he said, "that to me seem almost absolutely perfect." May I tell you, without breach of manners, what it was? Life is very short anyhow for paying one's respect to the things that need admiration. The poem was "Night" by William Rose Benét.

In these twenty volumes there is enough material even for those of us who never knew him to guess fairly closely into Mosher's own tastes. He was all for "songs gotten of the immediate soul, instant from the vital fount of things." And however sharp his taste for the fragile and lovely, there was surely a rich pulse of masculine blood in his choices. He was often accused of piracy. If it be piracy to take home a ragged waif of literature found lonely by the highway, to clothe her in the best you have and find her rich and generous friends—if this be piracy, then let any other publisher who has never ploitered a little in the Public Domain cast the first Stone and Kimball. The little upstairs fireside on Exchange Street, Portland, is one of the most honorable shrines that New England can offer to the beadsman of beauty.

They pile up, I repeat, into a monument that any man might envy, these twenty little fat books. No one reader will agree with all Mosher's choices, but surely never did any editor of genius ramble with so happy an eye among the hedgeflowers of literature. A Scottish critic has said there is only one enduring test of a book: is it aromatic? These beautiful books, from beginning to end, are fresh with strange aroma and feed more senses than the eye. Words of Arthur Upson's, printed here by Mosher, describe them:—

Wine that was spilt in haste
Arising in fumes more precious;
Garlands that fell forgot
Rooting to wondrous bloom;
Youth that would flow to waste
Pausing in pool-green valleys—
And passion that lasted not
Surviving the voiceless tomb!

The *Bibelot* began and ended with selections from William Blake. And like Blake, Mosher gave us the end of a golden string.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

*THE BIBELOT: A Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known. New York: Wm. H. Wise & Co. 20 volumes and Index; by subscription, $26.75.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By **Joseph Conrad**

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa. Before starting out on his visit to the Countess de Montevesso, Cosmo spends some quiet hours in his inn, where his servant has already imbibed some of the current political gossip.

PART II

I

COSMO descended into a hall now empty and with most of its lights extinguished. A loud murmur of voices guided him to the door of the dining room. He discovered it to be a long apartment with flat pilasters dividing its whitewashed walls, and resembling somewhat a convent's refectory. The resemblance was accentuated by the two narrow tables occupying its middle. One of them had been appropriated by the British naval officers, had lights on it, and bristled with the necks of wine bottles along its whole length. The talk round it was confused and noisy. The other, shorter, table accommodated two rows of people in sombre garments who at first glance struck Cosmo as natives of the town and belonging to a lower station in life. They had less lights, less wine, and almost no animation. Several smaller tables were ranged against the walls at equal intervals, and Cosmo's eye was caught by one of them because of the candles in the sconce on the wall above it having been lighted. Its cloth was dazzlingly white, and Signor Cantelucci with a napkin in his hand stood respectfully at the elbow of its sole occupant, who was seated with his back to the door.

Cosmo was under the impression that his entrance had been unobserved. But before he had walked half the length of the room Signor Cantelucci, whose eyes had never ceased darting here and there while his body preserved its deferential attitude at the elbow of the exclusive client, advanced to meet him with his serious and attentive air. He bowed. Perhaps the signore would not mind sharing the table of his illustrious countryman.

"Yes, if my countryman doesn't object," assented Cosmo readily. He was absolutely certain that this must be the doctor of whom Spire had spoken.

Cantelucci had no doubt that His Excellency's company would be most welcome to his illustrious countryman. Then stepping aside, he added under his breath: "He is a person of great distinction. A most valued patron of mine. . . ." The person thus commended, turning his head ensconced in the high collar of his coat, disclosed to Cosmo a round face with a shaved chin, strongly marked eyebrows, round eyes, and thin lips compressed into a slightly peevish droop which, however, was at once corrected by an attempt at a faint smile. Cosmo, too, produced a faint smile. For an appreciable moment they look at each other without saying a word while Cantelucci, silent too, executed a profound bow.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," said the elder man (Cosmo judged him to be well over forty), raising his voice above the uproar made by the occupants of the naval table and waving his hand at the empty chair facing his own. It had a high carved back showing some traces of gilding, and the silk which covered it was worn to rags. Cosmo sat down while Cantelucci disappeared and the man across the table positively shouted, "I am glad," and immediately followed that declaration by an energetic "Oh damn!" He bent over the table: "One can't hear oneself speak with that noisy lot. All heroes, no doubt, but not a single gentleman."

He leaned back and waited till the outburst of noisy mirth had died out at the officers' table. The corners of his mouth dropped again and Cosmo came to the conclusion that that face in repose was decidedly peevish.

"I don't know what they have got to be so merry about," the other began, with a slight glance at the naval table and leaning forward again towards Cosmo. "Their occupation is gone. Heroes are a thoughtless lot. Yet just look at that elderly lieutenant at the head of the table. Shabby coat. Old epaulette. He doesn't laugh. He will die a lieutenant —on half pay. That's how heroic people end when the heroic times are over."

"I am glad," said Cosmo steadily, "that you recognize at least their heroism."

The other opened his mouth for some time before he laughed, and that gave his face an expression of somewhat hard jollity. But the laugh when it came was by no means loud and had a sort of ingratiating softness.

"No, no. Don't think I am disparaging our sea service. I had the privilege to know the greatest hero of them all. Yes, I had two talks with Lord Nelson. Well, he was certainly not . . . "

He interrupted himself and raising his eyes saw the perfectly still gaze of Cosmo fastened on his face. Then peevishly:

"What I meant to say was that he at least was indubitably a hero. I remember that I was very careful about what I said to him. I had to be mighty careful then about what I said to anybody. Someone might have put it into his head to hang me at some yard-arm or other."

"I envy you your experience all the same," said Cosmo amiably. "I suppose your conscience was clear?"

"I have always been most careful not to give my conscience any license to trouble me," retorted the other with a certain curtness of tone which was not offensive; "and I have lived now for some considerable time. I am really much older than I look," he concluded, giving Cosmo such a keen glance that the young man could not help a smile.

THE other went on looking at him steadily for a while, then let his eyes wander to a door in a distant part of the long room as if impatient for the coming of the dinner. Then giving it up:

"A man who has lived actively, actively I say, the last twenty years may well feel as old as Methuselah. Lord Nelson was but a circumstance in my life. I wonder, had he lived, how he would have taken all this."

A slight movement of his hand seemed to carry this allusion outside the confines of the vaulted noisy room, to indicate all the out-of-doors of the world. Cosmo remarked that the hand was muscular, shapely, and extremely well cared for.

"I think there can be no doubt about the nature of his feelings if he were living." Cosmo's voice was exactly non-committal. His interlocutor grunted slightly.

"H'm. He would have done nothing but groan and complain about anything and everything. No, he wouldn't have taken it laughing. Very poor physique. Very. Frightful hypochondriac. . . . I am a doctor, you know."

Cantelucci was going to attend himself on his two guests. He presented to the doctor a smoking soup tureen enveloped in a napkin. The doctor assumed at once a business-like air, and at his invitation Cosmo held out his plate. The doctor helped him carefully.

"Don't forget the wine, my wine, Anzelmo," he said to Cantelucci, who answered by a profound bow. "I saved his life once," he continued after the innkeeper had gone away.

The tone was particularly significant. Cosmo, partly repelled and partly amused by the man, enquired whether the worthy host had been very ill. The doctor swallowed the last spoonful of soup.

"Ill," he said. "He had a gash that long in his side and a set of forty-pound fetters on his legs. I cured both complaints. Not without some risk to myself, as you may imagine. There was an epidemic of hanging and shooting in the South of Italy then."

He noticed Cosmo's steady stare and raised the corners of his mouth with an effect of geniality on his broad rosy face.

"In '99, you know. I wonder I didn't die of it too. I was considerably younger then and my humane instincts, early enthusiasms, and so on had led me into pretty bad company. However, I had also pretty good friends. What with one thing and another I am pretty well known all over Italy. My name is Martel—Doctor Martel. You probably may have heard. . . ."

He threw a searching glance at Cosmo, who bowed non-committally, and went on without a pause: "I am the man who brought vaccine to Italy, first. Cantelucci was trying to tell me your name but really I couldn't make it out."

Latham is my name," said Cosmo, "and I only set foot in Italy for the first time in my life two days ago."

The doctor jerked his head sideways.

"Latham, eh? Yorkshire?"

"Yes," said Cosmo, smiling.

"To be sure. Sir Charles . . . "

"That's my father."

"Yes, yes. Served in the Guards. I used to know the doctor of his regiment. Married in Italy. I don't remember the lady's name. Oh, those are old times. Might have been a hundred years ago."

"You mean that so much history has been made since."

"Yes, no end of history," assented the doctor, but checked himself. "And yet, tell me, what does it all amount to?"

Cosmo made no answer. Cantelucci having brought the wine while they talked, the doctor filled two glasses, waited a moment as if to hear Cosmo speak, but as the young man remained silent he said:

"Well, let us drink then to Peace."

He tossed the wine down his throat while Cosmo drank his much more leisurely. As they set down their empty glasses they were startled by a roar of a tremendous voice filling the vaulted room from end to end in order to "let Their Honours know that the boat was at the steps." The doctor made a faint grimace.

"Do you hear the voice of the British lion, Mr. Latham?" he asked peevishly. "Ah, well, we will have some little peace now here."

Those officers at the naval table who had to go on board rose in a body and left the room hastily. Three or four who had a longer leave drew close together and began to talk low with their heads in a bunch. Cosmo glancing down the room seemed to recognize at the door the form of the seaman whom he had met earlier in the evening. He followed the officers out. The other diners, the sombre ones, and a good many of them with powdered heads, were also leaving the room. Cantelucci put another dish on the table, stepped back a pace with a bow, and stood still. A moment of profound silence succeeded the noise.

"First rate," said Doctor Martel to Cosmo, after tasting the dish, and then gave a nod to Cantelucci, who made another bow and retreated backwards, always with a solemn expression on his face.

"Italian cooking, of course, but then I am an old Italian myself. Not that I love them, but I have acquired many of their tastes. Before we have done dining you will have tasted the perfection of their cooking, north and south, but I assure you you are sharing my dinner. You don't suppose that the dishes that come to this table are the same the common customers get."

COSMO made a slight bow. "I am very sensible of the privilege," he said.

"The honour and the pleasure are mine, I assure you," the doctor said in a half careless tone and looking with distaste towards the small knot of officers with a twenty-four hours' leave who had finished their confabulation and had risen in a body like men who had agreed on some pleasant course of action. Only the elderly lieutenant lagging a little behind cast a glance at his two countrymen at the little table and followed his comrades with less eager movements.

"A quarter of a tough bullock or half a roast sheep are more in their way, and Cantelucci knows it. As to that company that was sitting at the other table, well, I daresay you can tell yourself what they were, small officials or tradesmen of some sort. I should think that emptying all their pockets—and there were how many, say twenty—you couldn't collect the value of an English pound at any given time. And Cantelucci knows that too. Well, of

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course. Still he does well here, but it's a poor place. I wonder, Mr. Latham, what are you doing here?"

"Well," said Cosmo with a good-humored smile, "I am just staying here. Just as you yourself are staying here."

"Ah, but you never saved Cantelucci's life, whereas I did and that's the reason why I am staying here: out of mere kindness and to give him an opportunity to show his gratitude. . . . Let me fill your glass. Not bad, this wine."

"Excellent. What is it?"

"God knows. Let us call it Cantelucci's gratitude. Generous stuff, this, to wash down those dishes with. Gluttony is an odious vice, but an ambition to dine well is about the only one which can be indulged at no cost to one's fellow men."

"IT didn't strike me," murmured Cosmo absently, for he was just then asking himself why he didn't like this pleasant companion, and had just come to the conclusion that it was because of his indecisive expression, wavering between peevishness and jocularity with something else in addition, as it were, in the background of his handsome, neat, and comfortable person. Something that was not aggressive nor yet exactly impudent. He wondered at his mistrust of the personality which certainly was very communicative but apparently not inquisitive. At that moment he heard himself addressed with a direct inquiry.

"You passed, of course, through Paris?"

"Yes, and Switzerland."

"Oh, Paris. I wonder what it looks like now. Full of English people, of course. Let's see, how many years is it since I was last there? Ha, lots of heads rolled off noble shoulders since. Well, I am trying to make my way there. Curious times. I have found some letters here. Duke of Wellington very much disliked, what? His nod is insupportable, eh?"

"I have just had a sight of the Duke two or three times," said Cosmo. "I can assure you that everybody is treating him with the greatest respect."

"Of course, of course. All the same I bet that all these foreigners are chuckling to themselves at having finished the job without him."

"They needn't be so pleased with themselves," said Cosmo scornfully. "The mere weight of their numbers . . . "

"Yes. It was more like a migration of armed tribes than an army. They will boast of their success all the same. There is no saying what the Duke himself thinks. . . . I wonder if he could have beaten the other in a fair fight. Well, that will never be known now."

Cosmo had a sudden sense of an epical tale with a doubtful conclusion. He made no answer. Cantelucci had come and gone solemnly, self-contained, with the usual two ceremonial bows. As he retreated he put out all the candles on the central table and became lost to view. From the illuminated spot at which he sat, Cosmo's eyes met only the shadows of the long refectory-like room with its lofty windows closely shuttered so that they looked like a row of niches for statues. Yet the murmur of the piazza full of people stole faintly into his ear. Cosmo had the recollection of the vast expanse of flagstones enclosed by the shadowy and palatial masses gleaming with lights here and there under the night sky thick with stars and perfectly cloudless.

"This is a very quiet inn," he observed.

"It has that advantage certainly. The walls are fairly thick, as you can see. It's an unfinished palace, I mean as to its internal decorations, which were going to be very splendid and even more costly than splendid. The owner of it, I mean the man who had it built, died of hunger in that hall out there."

"Died of hunger?" repeated Cosmo.

"No doubt about it. It was during the siege of Genoa. You know the siege, surely?"

Cosmo recollected himself. "I was quite a child at the time," he said.

The venerated client of Cantelucci cracked a walnut and then looked at Cosmo's face.

"I should think you weren't seven years old at the time," he said in a judicial tone. "When I first came into Italy with the vaccine, you know, Sir Charles's marriage was still being talked about in Florence. I remember it perfectly though it seems as if it had all happened in another world. Yes, indubitably he died of hunger like ten thousand other Genoese. He couldn't go out to hunt for garbage with the populace or crawl out at night trying to gather nettles in the ditches outside the forts, and nobody would have known that he was dead for a month if one of the bombs out of a bomb-vessel with Admiral Keith's blockading squadron hadn't burst the door in. They found him at the foot of the stairs, and, they say, with a lot of gold pieces in his pockets. But nobody cared much for that. If it had been a lot of half-gnawed bones there would have been blood spilt, no doubt. For all I know there were or may be even now secret places full of gold in the thickness of these walls. However, the body was thrown into a corpse-cart and the authorities boarded the doorway. It remained boarded for years because the heirs didn't care to have anything to do with that shell of a palace. I fancy that the last of them died in the snows of Russia. Cantelucci came along, and owing to a friendship with some sort of scribe in the Municipality he got permission to use the place for his hostelry. He told me that he found several half ducats in the corners of the hall when he took possession. I suppose they paid for the whitewash, for I can't believe that Cantelucci had much money in his pockets."

"Perhaps he found one of those secret hiding-places of which you spoke," suggested Cosmo.

"What? Cantelucci? He never looked for any gold. He is too much in the clouds; but he has made us dine well in the palace of the starved man, hasn't he? Sixteen years ago in Naples he was a Jacobin and a friend of the French, a rebel, a traitor to his king if you like—but he has a good memory, there is no denying that."

"Is he a Neapolitan, then?" asked Cosmo. "I imagined they were of a different type."

"God only knows. He was there and I didn't ask him. He was a prisoner of the royalists, of the reactionaries. I was much younger then and perhaps more humane. Flesh and blood couldn't stand the sight of the way in which they were being treated, men of position, of attainments, of intelligence. The Neapolitan Jacobins were no populace. They were men of character and ideas, the pick of all classes. They were properly liberals. Still they were called Jacobins and you may be surprised that I, a professional man and an Englishman. . . . "

Cosmo, looking up at the sudden pause, saw the doctor sitting with the dull eyes and the expression of a man suddenly dissatisfied with himself. Cosmo hastened to say that he himself was no friend of reactionaries and in any case not conceited enough to judge the conduct of men older than himself. Without a sign that he had heard a word of that speech the doctor had a faint and peevish smile. He never moved at all till, after a longish interval, Cosmo spoke again.

"Were you expecting somebody that would want to see you this evening?" he asked.

The doctor started.

"See me? No. Why do you ask?"

"Because within the last five minutes somebody has put his head twice through the door; and as I don't expect either a visitor or a messenger, I thought he was looking for you. I don't know a single soul here."

THE doctor remained perfectly unmoved. Cosmo, who was looking towards the distant door, saw the head again and this time shouted at it an inquiry. Thereupon the owner of the head entered and had not advanced half the length of the room before Cosmo recognized in him the portly figure of Spire. To his great surprise, however, Spire instead of coming up to the table made a vague gesture and stopped short.

This was strange conduct. The doctor sat completely unconscious, and Cosmo took the course of excusing himself and following Spire, who, directly he had seen his master rise, had retreated rapidly to the door. In the badly lighted hall he found Spire waiting for him between the foot of the stairs and the door which Cosmo presumed was leading to the offices of the hotel. Again Spire made a vague gesture which seemed to convey a warning, and approached his master on tiptoe.

"Well, what is it? What do you mean by flourishing your arm at me like this?" asked Cosmo sharply, and Spire ventured on a warning "Ssh!"

"Why, there is nobody here," said Cosmo, lowering his voice nevertheless.

"I wanted to tell you, sir, I have seen that fellow."

"What fellow? Oh, yes. The fellow with the cap. Where did you see him?"

"He is here," said Spire, pointing to the closed door.

"Here? What could a man like that want here? Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir, he has just come in and for all I know he may be already gone away—though I don't think so."

"Oh, you don't think so. Do you know what he has come for?"

Spire made no answer to the question, but after a short silence: "I will go and see, and if you stand where you are, sir, you will be able to look right into the room. He may not be the man."

Without waiting for an answer he moved towards the closed door and threw it wide open. The room, very much like the dining room but smaller, was lighted gloomily by two smoky lamps hanging from the ceiling, over a trestle table having a wooden bench on each side. Bad as the light was Cosmo made out at once the peculiar cap. The wearer, sitting on one of the benches, was leaning with both elbows across the table towards the fair head of a girl half-hidden by a lace scarf. They were engaged in earnest conversation so that they never turned their heads at Spire's entrance. Cosmo had just time to discern the fine line of the girl's shoulders, which were half-turned from him when Spire shut the door.

II

RETURNING to his bedroom, Cosmo found the fire of logs still playing fitfully upon the drawn curtains, upon the dim shape of the canopied bed of state, and perceived that Spire as directed had prepared the writing table and had placed a screen round the inviting-looking armchair.

He did not sit down to write. He felt more than ever that in a moment of amused expansion he had made a rash promise to his sister. The difficulty in keeping it had confronted him for the first time in Paris. Henrietta would have liked to hear of people he met, of the great world indulging in the new-found freedom of travel, the English, the French, the Poles, the Germans. Certainly he had seen quite a lot of people; but the problem was as to what could be said about them to a young girl, ignorant of the world, brought up in the country, and having really no notion of what mankind was like. He admitted to himself with introspective sincerity that even he did not exactly know what mankind was really like. He was too much of a novice, and she, obviously, was too innocent to be told of his suspicions and of what it was like. Even to describe the world outwardly was not an easy task—to Henrietta. The world was certainly amusing. Oh yes, it was amusing; but even as he thought that, he felt within him a certain distaste. Just before he had left Paris he had been at a rout given by a great lady. There was a fellow there who somehow became suspected of picking pockets. He was extremely ugly and therefore attracted notice. The great lady, asked if she had invited him, denied ever having seen him before, but he assured her that he had spoken to her already that evening. Her Ladyship then declared that if he was really the man he gave himself out to be, she was not aware that he was in Paris. She imagined him to be in Ireland. Altogether a peculiar story. Cosmo never knew how it had ended because his friend Hollis led him away to introduce him to Mrs. R., who was most affable and entertained him with a complete inventory of her daughter's accomplishments, the daughter herself being then in the room, obviously quite lovely and clever, but certainly a little odd; for a little later, on his being introduced, she had discoursed to him for half an hour on things of the heart, charmingly, but in a perfectly cool and detached manner. There was also Lady Jane, very much in evidence, very much run after, with a voice engaging in sweetness, but very free, not to say licentious, in her talk. How could he confide his impressions of her to Henrietta? As a matter of fact his head had been rather full of Lady Jane for some time. She had, so to speak, attended him all the way from Paris up to the morning of his arrival at Cantelucci's inn. She had now deserted him. Or was it his mind that had dropped her out of a haunting actuality into that region where the jumble of one's experiences is allowed to rest? But was it possible that a shabby fellow in tight breeches and bad boots, with a peculiarly shaped cap on his head, could have got between him and Lady Jane about the time of sunset?

Cosmo thought suddenly that one's personal life

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was a very bizarre thing. He could write to his sister that before he had been three hours in Genoa he had been involved in passing secret correspondence from Italy to the Island of Elba. Henrietta had solemnly charged him to write everything he could find out, hear, or even guess about Napoleon. He had heard certainly a lot of most extraordinary stories; and if he had not made any guesses he had been associating with persons who actually had been doing nothing else; frightened persons, exulting people, cast-down people, frivolous people, people with airs of mystery or with airs of contempt. But, by Jove, now he had been in personal touch and had actually helped a man of the people who was mysteriously corresponding with Elba. He could write something about that but, after all, was it worth while? Finally he concluded he wouldn't write home at all that evening; pushed the table away, and throwing himself into the armchair extended his legs towards the fire. A moody expression settled on his face. His immobility resembled open-eyed sleep with the red spark of the fire in his unwinking eyes, and a perfect insensibility to outward impressions. But he heard distinctly Spire discreetly knocking at the door. Cosmo's first impulse was to shout that he wasn't wanted, but he changed his mind. "Come in."

SPIRE shut the door carefully, and crossing the room at once put a log on the fire. Then he said:

"Can't get any hot water this evening, sir. Very sorry, sir. I will see that it won't happen again."

At the same time he thought, "Served him right for picking out such an inn to stay at." Cosmo, still silent, stared at the fire, and when he roused himself at last he perceived Spire in the act of putting down in front of his chair a pair of slippers of shiny leather and red heels.

"Take your boots off, sir?" suggested Spire under his breath.

Cosmo let him do it. "Going to bed now, sir?" asked Spire in the same subdued tone.

"No, but you needn't wait. I won't need you any more to-night."

"Thank you, sir." Spire lingered, boots in hand. "The two small pistols are on the bedside table, sir. I have looked to the primings. The town is full of rabble from all parts just now, so I hear. The lock of your door is fairly poor. I shall be sleeping just outside in the corridor, sir. They are going to put me a pallet there."

"You will be very cold," protested Cosmo.

"It will be all right, sir. I have got the fur rug out of the carriage. I had everything taken out of the carriage. The yard isn't safe, sir. Nothing is properly safe in this house, so far as I can see."

Cosmo nodded absent-mindedly. "Oh, wait a moment, Spire. That man, the fellow in the cap, is he still downstairs?"

Spire thought rapidly that he wouldn't be a party to bringing any of those ragamuffins up to the bedroom. "Gone a long time ago, sir," he said stolidly.

Cosmo had a vivid recollection of the man's pose of being settled for an earnest and absorbing conversation to last half the night.

"He doesn't belong to this house?" he asked.

"No, sir, he only came to talk to a young woman. I left him taking leave of her to come up to you, sir. I suppose he was the man you meant, sir."

"Yes," said Cosmo, "I have no doubt about it. He will probably turn up again."

Spire admitted reluctantly that it was likely. He had been telling a long tale to that young woman. "She is very good-looking, sir."

"Is she a servant here?"

"Oh no, sir. She came in with that old cut-throat cobbler. They seem to be friendly. I don't like the looks of the people in this house."

"I wonder," said Cosmo, "whether you could manage to obtain for me a quiet talk with that man on the next occasion he comes here."

Spire received this overture in profound silence.

"Do you think you could?" insisted Cosmo.

A dispassionate raising of the eyebrows preceded the apparently irrelevant remark. "The worst of this house, sir, is that it seems open to all sorts of rabble."

"I see. Well, try to think of some way, Spire. You may go now."

Spire, carrying the boots, walked as far as the door, where he turned for a moment. "The only way I can think of, sir," he said, "would be to make friends with that young woman." Before Cosmo could recover from the surprise at the positive statement Spire had gone out and had shut the door.

Cosmo slept heavily but fitfully, with moments of complete oblivion interrupted by sudden starts, when he would lie on his back with open eyes, wondering for a moment where he was, and then fall asleep again before he had time to make a movement. In the morning the first thing he did was to scribble a note to the Countess Montevesso to ask her permission to call that very morning. While writing the address he smiled to himself at the idea that it was after all the little Adèle whom he remembered but dimly, mostly as a fair head hovering near his father's armchair in the big drawing room, the windows of which opened on the western terrace. As a schoolboy during his holidays he saw the two girls, Adèle and his sister, mostly in the evening. He had his own out-of-doors pursuits while those girls stayed upstairs with their governess. Remembering how he used to catch glimpses of them, the fair and the dark, walking in the Park, he felt a greater curiosity to see the Countess de Montevesso than if he had never seen her before. He found it impossible to represent her to himself grown up, married for years, the daughter of an ambassador.

When the family of D'Armand departed from Latham Hall, it was as if a picture had faded, a picture of faces, attitudes, and colours, leaving untouched the familiar background of his Yorkshire home, on to which he could never recall them distinctly. He would be meeting a complete stranger and he wondered whether that lady, who, young as she still was, had lived through tragic times and had seen so many people, would remember him at all. Him personally. For as to his home he had no doubt she had not forgotten; neither the stones, nor the woods, nor the streams. And as to the people Cosmo had a distinct notion that she was more familiar with his father than he and Henrietta ever had been. His father was not a man whom anybody could forget. And that Countess of Montevesso, more difficult for him to imagine than a complete stranger, would remember his mother better than he could himself. She had seen so much more of her day after day for something like three years; whereas he was at home only at intervals and while there took Lady Latham for granted, a kind, serene presence, beautifully dressed.

He handed the note to Spire with orders to send it off by one of the ragged idlers about the hotel door. There would be an answer. Then, approaching the window, he perceived that he could not see very much out of it. It was too high above the piazza, which furthermore was masked by the jutting balconies. But the sky was blue with a peculiar deep brilliance and the sunlight slanted over the roofs of the houses on the other side of the piazza. When he opened the window the keen pure air roused his vitality. The faint murmur of voices from below reached him very much as it had reached him downstairs the night before through the closed shutters of the dining room, as if the population of the town had never gone to bed.

WHILE Spire was serving his breakfast in his room he wondered what the Countess of Montevesso would look like. The same fair head but higher above the ground and with the hair no longer flowing over the shoulders, but done up no doubt most becomingly and perhaps turned darker with age. It would be the hair of the daughter of an ambassador, able to judge of men and affairs, a woman of position, a very fine lady. Perhaps just a fine lady; but the memory of the child came to him with renewed force, gracious, quiet, with something timid and yet friendly in all its gestures, with his father's hand smoothing the fair hair. . . . No. Not merely a fine lady.

Cosmo had no inborn aptitude for mere society life. Though not exactly shy, he lacked that assurance of manner which his good looks and his social status ought to have given him. He suspected there was too much mockery in the world, and the undoubted friendliness he had met with, especially from women, seemed to him always a little suspect, the effect not of his own merit, of which he had no idea, but of a shallow, good-natured compassion. He imagined himself awkward in company. The very brilliance of the entertainments, of which he had seen already a good many, was apt to depress his spirits. Often during talk with some pretty woman he would feel that he was not meant for that sort of life, and then suddenly he would withdraw into his shell. In that way he had earned for himself the reputation of being a little strange. He was to a certain extent aware of it, but he was not aware that this very thing made him interesting.

A gust of diffidence came over him while he was trying to eat some breakfast. "I really don't want to see that Countess," he thought. Then remembering the intonation in his father's voice when talking to Adèle, he wondered whether perchance he would find an uncommon personality. Cosmo had a profound belief in his father, though he was well aware that he had never understood him thoroughly. . . . But if she is a woman out of the common, he reflected further, then she can't possibly be interested in a rough schoolboy grown into a young man of no particular importance. No doubt she would be amiable enough. . . .

"Clear away all these things, Spire," he said, "and go downstairs to see if the messenger is back."

The messenger was not back yet; and assisted by Spire, Cosmo began to dress himself with extreme care. The tying of his neckcloth was an irritating affair, and so was Spire's perfectly wooden face while he was holding up the glass to him for that operation. Cosmo spoiled two neckcloths and became extremely dissatisfied with the cut and colour of various articles of attire which Spire presented to him one after another. By an effort of mind Cosmo overcame this capricious discontent with familiar things and finished his dressing. Then he sent Spire once more downstairs to inquire if the messenger was back. Obediently, Spire disappeared, but once gone it did not seem as though he meant to return at all. There was no Spire. There was no bell-pull in the room either.

Cosmo stuck his head out through the door. Absolute silence reigned in the well of the stairs. A woman in black, on her knees beside a pail of water and scrubbing the floor of the corridor, looked up at him. Cosmo drew his breath in. She was a pitiful hag. . . . He was sure of a gracious reception, of course. He was also sure of meeting a lot of people of all sorts. He wondered what sort of society she received. Everybody, no doubt; Austrians, Italians, French; all the triumphant reactionaries, all the depressed heads bobbing up again after the storm, venomous, revengeful, oppressive, odious. What the devil had become of Spire?

(To be continued in the next issue)

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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Books of Special Interest

Workers' Insurance

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF IN GREAT BRITAIN. By FELIX MORLEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN A. FITCH
New York School for Social Work

THIS is a painstaking and valuable account of the origin and development of compulsory insurance in the country where it has its most extended trial. It is the most convenient source of information available concerning the nature of the law, the changes that have been made in it, and the effect on the plan of the heavy unemployment coming after the war. It describes the system of doles that was adopted to supplement the insurance scheme, and the breakdown of unemployment insurance due to the demands of the post-war period.

It is apparently this very breakdown in the unemployment insurance scheme which has inspired the greater part of the book. Certain it is that the book is in the main a polemic against state operated unemployment insurance plans. The author states that it was his purpose "to show that the present state-operated system is played out, and that concentration on insurance by industry has become necessary." In attempting to do that, the collapse of the British system when confronted by post-war unemployment seemed to offer material exactly suited to the purpose in hand. The mistake that the author makes is in thinking that the evidence of lack of foresight in the drafting of the British law, which he so convincingly describes, is equally evidence of a fundamental weakness in the very idea of state-operated unemployment insurance. This is an error which leads to certain inconsistencies and irrelevancies.

The British system of unemployment insurance is undoubtedly faulty in many respects. For one thing, it penalizes employment instead of unemployment by making an employer contribute according to the number of workers on his payroll, instead of according to the risk that his particular operation represents. It requires the same contribution from each worker and pays the same benefit to each worker—within each of the four groupings of men, women, boys and girls—regardless of variations in wage received when employed. The most striking example of lack of proper foresight, however, was the passage of the act of 1920, extending the scope of unemployment insurance so as to increase the number of persons coming under the act from about four million to twelve million—an increase of three hundred per cent. Within six months unemployment of an unprecedented sort made its appearance. Before there had been any opportunity for the building up of an adequate reserve, legitimate claims were sufficient to wipe out the fund, and unemployment insurance collapsed.

To Mr. Morley, this last is sufficient to condemn state-operated insurance. This conclusion seems to be a bit of the same sort of "inverted logic" which he finds in the reasoning of some of the advocates of the British scheme, for the evils to which he directs attention seem to be due, not to inherent qualities, but to a certain lack of wisdom in the drafting of the plan, and folly in attempting to extend it in the face of oncoming industrial collapse. These are not criticisms of the underlying theory of state-operated unemployment insurance, any more than it would be a final indictment of a republican form of government if it should be discovered that a cabinet officer took a bribe. The defects in the British plan are procedural and remediable.

As to "insurance by industry," the author does not set forth his proposal with sufficient clarity. That each industry should have a separate premium rating, according to its own risk, just as in other forms of insurance, seems obvious if unemployment is to be penalized. But in determining a matter of this kind, it is important that responsibility for unemployment should be definitely placed. It is quite disconcerting to read that the average employer or employers' association is probably no more responsible for unemployment than the average trade unionist or trade union. This statement, though quite inaccurate, is somewhat beside the point, because much of the responsibility for unemployment rests upon society at large, just as responsibility for industrial accidents rests upon society at large. We recognize the latter in our workmen's compensation laws—an analogy that it is well to keep in mind in considering unemployment insurance.

Drifting Lands

THE ORIGIN OF CONTINENTS AND OCEANS. By ALFRED WEGENER. Translated from the third German edition by J. G. A. SKERL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by C. R. LONGWELL
Yale University

ARE the continents adrift? This question was asked as long ago as 1910 by an American geologist, F. B. Taylor; but his conclusions did not greatly disturb our faith in *terra firma*. Almost simultaneously the question was answered in the affirmative by a professor in the University of Graz, Austria, and his lucid treatment of the subject has made many converts to his view in European countries. The latest edition of his book is now made readily available to English readers through the excellent translation by Mr. Skerl.

It is evident on a globe or map of the world that the northeastern border of South America is shaped to fit rather accurately into the great re-entrant angle of western Africa. Moreover, according to Wegener, "south of these two corresponding points, every projection on the Brazilian side corresponds to a similarly shaped bay in the African, and conversely each indentation in the Brazilian coast has a complementary protuberance on the African." Further, if the two Americas were pushed eastward against Europe and Africa, the Atlantic Ocean would be very effectively closed throughout. With these facts as a starting point Wegener propounds his bold hypothesis. Millions of years ago all the land area of the globe was embraced in a unit continental mass. A great rift formed from south to north, and as the Americas drifted slowly to the west the Atlantic basin came into existence. The movement of South America started first, in Cretaceous time, whereas complete separation of North America came in a much later geologic period. Greenland and Iceland have trailed behind the main continental mass. Similarly, Australia has been outstripped in the general westward drift, and has in turn pulled away from New Zealand. India, which formerly lay beside Madagascar, has moved far to the north and relatively eastward. Eurasia and Africa have been crushed together, crumpling the crust to form the Alps and other Mediterranean mountains. The Andes and the North American Cordillera have been folded up, due to resistance encountered in the westward progress of the American continents.

Seeking tests for his "displacement theory," Wegener finds that pre-Mesozoic mountain chains with east-west trend correspond on opposite sides of the Atlantic. For example, the Cape Mountains of South Africa have a logical westward prolongation in a folded chain of the same age and trend near Buenos Aires; and the Appalachian structure lines, broken off abruptly in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, match exactly the Armorican folds in Brittany and southern Ireland. Moreover, the assumption of drifting continents gives a ready solution of many problems relating to past and present distribution of animals and plants. Finally the pronounced climatic changes of the past, indicated by evidence of glaciation in present low latitudes and by fossils of tropical organisms in frigid lands, are explained satisfactorily by combining the theory of continental displacements with an assumption that the poles of the earth have wandered extensively.

The mechanism of continental drift is treated briefly. Land masses consist essentially of light granitic material, *sial*, (silicon and aluminum), floating high in a substratum of heavier basaltic rock, *sima*, (silicon and magnesium). Under any continuous stress the *sima* is supposed to yield like a viscous fluid. On the rotating earth, bodies that float above the general level are subject to a small force acting toward the equator, and tidal attraction by the moon and sun exerts a constant pull toward the west. Wegener believes these tiny stresses, working steadily for geologic ages, are sufficient to cause slow continental movements, although he admits frankly that they appear to be incapable of building mountains like the Alps and Himalayas. He does not attempt to explain why some continents drift faster than others, or why the Americas ever broke away from Africa and Europe. The careful reader will think of many questions and criticisms, but he must admit that the author is ingenious, fair, and stimulating.

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Books of Special Interest

Ancient Rome

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Boston: The Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1924. $7.50.

Reviewed by GRANT SHOWERMAN
University of Wisconsin

A NEW book by Professor Lanciani is like another visit by an old and valued friend from a far country. Thirty-eight years ago, when Charles Eliot Norton's foundation of the Archæological Institute of America was only seven years old and the organization was embarking upon the circuit lecture enterprise which has done so much to promote American interest in antiquity and to broaden and deepen American culture, the first lecturers were Rodolfo Lanciani and Charles Waldstein. Lanciani even at that time had been for upwards of twenty years the foremost figure in Roman archæology. Familiar with our institutions, our needs, and our language, he addressed us again in 1888, 1893, 1901, 1906, and 1909, in the now well-known books, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," "Pagan and Christian Rome," "New Tales of Old Rome," "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome," and "Wanderings in the Roman Campagna." Other books from his pen are "The Destruction of Ancient Rome" and "The Golden Days of the Renaissance." His research works in Italian form a vast body by themselves.

With the exception of "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome," which has been much used as a manual, Professor Lanciani's books in English have been of the sort that mediate between research and general culture. Learned as they are, they are not beyond the reach of the average reader of serious purpose. I still remember the great delight with which as a student in 1897 I discovered in the university library the beautiful "Pagan and Christian Rome" and "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," and with them the whole new wonderful and fascinating world of modern and ancient Rome. These most recent "Wanderings," bound in crimson, lettered in gold, and bearing the golden cross, with their 200 pages of text and 67 illustrations, nearly all full-page, and most of them little known in print this side of the water, make another superb volume; and their six chapters are of the same engaging nature as the former volumes. Their content is learned without being pedantic, solid without being heavy, suave without being slight, entertaining without being trivial, dignified without being stilted or conventional. If it is not distinguished by an arresting stylistic quality, the fact is due to its familiar nature and the great variety of information it presents.

Those who have heard Professor Lanciani lecture will recognize in these pages the genial and informal character of his spoken discourse. They will recognize, too, the same wealth of knowledge at command.

* * *

This volume is even richer than the others, not only in its pursuit of the main themes, but in the excursions to one side or the other which are never really digressions. The reader will hardly expect it from the chapter titles, but he will find introduced quite naturally into the discussion accounts of the most recent discoveries in Roman archæology, with Professor Lanciani's own interpretations as to their identity and significance. He makes a place for the Tunis museum bronzes from the bottom of the sea, for the sanctuary on the Janiculum, for the memoria of the Apostles Peter and Paul under Saint Sebastian's, for the Underground Basilica, and for the tombs of the Viale Manzoni with their so-called portraits of Peter and Paul, of which he gives beautiful reproductions.

Rich as these features make the book, however, its great interest is in the fine old churches of the Apostles and the Saints, with their incomparable wealth of historical, æsthetic, religious, and human relations. Rome is the most wonderful and inexhaustible of cities, its four hundred churches are one of its most inexhaustible features, and Professor Lanciani is its most wonderfully inexhaustible student. In sheer abundance of knowledge of Eternal Rome he probably has never been surpassed or equalled. His contributions to learning as excavator, investigator, and publisher have been so great that the critic is shamed into silence. For his contributions as lecturer and author to America's appreciation of ancient Rome, he deserves a greater measure of gratitude than any man living or dead, unless we are to except the founder of the Archæological Institute, who through it has been the great means of our contact with antiquity. In another way, too, which should not go without mention, he has placed America in his debt. After for the first time hearing him lecture in 1898 in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, now a part of the American Academy in Rome, I called at his home to solicit his interest in my dissertation. He was not only courteous to the total stranger, but friendly and generous. Twenty-five years afterward I found him still responding in the same helpful way to students of the Academy in need of counsel. These are offices whose effect can hardly be estimated.

A Great Critic

SAINTE-BEUVE. By LEWIS FREEMAN MOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by GORDON KING

THE highest order of criticism enriches French literature more frequently than our own. Habitually precise thinkers, the French strive to attain final definitions and true valuations, and their language is a finer vehicle than ours for clarity of expression in prose. And nature seems to have endowed the French with logic; their classifications, their categories, their adherence to theory all possess convincing strength. Perhaps this is because, in the case of their critics rather than their imaginative writers, logic is toned down with common sense.

Such was certainly true of Sainte-Beuve, the outstanding French critic of the nineteenth century. When you read him, his exactness, his ability to see clearly and reason acutely, and his exquisite veracity become indistinguishable elements in his style. Indeed, you are not even conscious of the extraordinary depth and extent of his learning. What does impress you is that what he says means something to you in a personal way. It is not common sense, but common sense exalted. And he is not easy to classify. We know that Boileau is a classicist and that Chateaubriand, Renan, and Taine belong to one or another faction of the modern movement. Sainte-Beuve is broadly humanistic and at the same time definitely allied to the romantic school. His tolerance, which Mr. Irving Babbitt oddly considers less ennobling because it may derive from religious skepticism, apparently proceeds from a love of literature that is as profound as it is cosmopolitan. He adores Franklin; he understands Chesterfield; Rousseau's madness touches him with sympathy but does not blind him. Mr. Saintsbury observes in Sainte-Beuve the weakness of most romantic criticism; namely, that of attaching excessive significance to the life and environment of an author and failing to judge the work as objective fact, a tendency that may perhaps have reached its final development in Taine.

Mr. Mott's work fills a pressing need. No previous biography of Sainte-Beuve meets our requirements quite so fully. Like "Ernest Renan" it is a work of scrupulous and extensive scholarship. The author lays careful emphasis upon the conditions under which Sainte-Beuve labored and the literary, political, and social leanings that he manifested from time to time. Mr. Mott is pleasantly sensitive to religious experience and keenly aware of the economic forces that make or break a career. Happily he is not in the contemporary fashion that demands that the biography of a literary figure grip the reader in a penny-dreadful manner, and two achievements provoke instant admiration. First, the ease with which Mr. Mott shows that Sainte-Beuve had no ulterior motives in certain of his writings that have since attracted controversy on that score; and secondly, the skill with which the various formative influences resulting from Sainte-Beuve's experiences with women are depicted without placing undue stress upon his relations with them.

Beyond its cultural and educational value, this book has a quality that ought to give it popularity. Ie reveals a period of history and an environment in which literature was of more importance than mere amusement, in which a man could be a journalist without sacrificing his honor, and in which a serious author could hardly avoid the responsibility of being a significant political figure.

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By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, *Research Associate in Geography, Yale University.*
The factors which mold and build racial character. $5.00

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A Letter from France

By FIRMAN ROZ

FICTION is in too direct contact with life for it not to have reflected more than any other branch of literature the convulsion that has rent the world. Neither the nations themselves, nor the society which in each country makes up those nations, has as yet recovered its equilibrium. The people of Europe are not the only ones to be striving to restore it. As to France, how could it yet have shaken free of a calamity that touched it to the depths, France which lay in the very path of the cyclone, exposed to its full fury, and that was so devastated by its destruction? The war itself inspired a large number of novels; their hour has apparently passed, but may very well return. Time lends value to portrayals that facilitate the work of the historian. Today the post-war period, charged as it is with difficulties, disorder, and problems, offers to the novelist only too rich a field of material. For a long time to come we shall see the production of romances based on the abnormal conditions which the war has created and motivated by the sad and frequently tragic situations which it has caused for the individual, the family, and society as a whole.

After having proved himself, in "Les Croix de Bois," the most vigorous and the most faithful of the war novelists, Roland Dorgelès turned in "La Réveil des Morts" to portrayal of the peace and the disillusionments of peace. One of the most poignant and effective of themes, the return of the man who is no longer expected, a theme which Tennyson immortalized in "Enoch Arden," furnishes the plot for this romance as it does for André Lamand's "Les Lions en Croix." These two tales raise the theme from an individual tragedy to a dramatic and moving fate, differing in the more general handling of their tales from the treatment accorded the same situation by Thierry Sandre in "Le Chevrefeuille" and Raymond Clauzel in "La Maison au Soleil." Henri Davignon, one of the most brilliant writers contemporary French literature owes to Belgium, has rejuvenated and actualized it in the happiest manner. The terrible surprise changes the returned traveller morally as well as physically; the weak husband, having been deceived, becomes a sort of ferocious avenger, with a pitiless heart, and mysterious intentions, while, on her part, the forgetful wife, married to her former seducer, comfortably established in her new life, is gradually drawn to the man whom she has misunderstood, sets herself to winning him anew, and in the end decides to give up all else to follow him into exile.

* *

It was inevitable that the intermingling of races and nationalities should have given rise to new shades of feeling. In "L'Américaine" Pierre Gourdon recounts the story of a young American and of his marriage with an Angevin. In "L'Entente Cordiale" Leon Lemonnier makes a study of the love of a French woman for an English soldier and of this man, already married, for the friend whom the chances of war have thrown in his path. A far more delicate situation, that of the sentimental relations between French and Germans, is developed in Marcel Dupont's "Fragilité," and "Rosa Berghen," by José Germain and Emile Guérinon.

The Great War, like the Crusades in the past, threw nations into contact and intermingled peoples. It nurtured a broad interest in diverse countries and populations and a sense of cosmopolitanism which had already begun to manifest itself before 1914. We have seen a great multiplication of the novels dealing with strange countries and with peoples driven from their homelands.

As a result of a long stay in revolutionary Russia Claude Anet produced two romances of lively interest, "Ariane, Jeune Fille Russe," and "Quand la Terre Trembla." In "Niky," Jean Vignaud gives us the story of Russian emigration. "Isvor, le Pays des Saules," by Princess Bibesco, transports us to Rumania immediately after the great social revolution had handed the country over to the peasantry. Yvonne Schultz's "Les Nuits de Fer" is an admirable Lapland romance, concealing under a picturesque setting a powerful psychology.

There is no doubt that the great increase of the literature of sport is to be ascribed to the energy released during the war. The Olympic games of 1924 furnished the occasion for much writing, being followed by a great multiplication of books on sport. First among them rank the tales of Henry de Montherlant, "Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées" and "Les Onze devant la Porte Dorée," novels which pretend to nothing more than presenting a sporting philosophy. In "L'Histoire des Quinze Hommes," Marcel Berger chronicles the gradual advance of a team from the South to the championship of France. Dominique Braga, in "5000," presents an extremely circumstantial description of a single moment of sporting activity, the crisis in which is exerted the decisive effort of a runner who is to win the 5,000-metre race. Mme. Louise Faure-Favier has given us a remarkable specimen of the romance of aviation in "Les Chevaliers de l'Air."

This energy which finds disciplined release in sports, breaks out in the form of action in such novels as André Obey's "Savreux Vainqueur," Paul Morand's "Lewis et Irène," and Pierre Grasset's "Le Torrent dans la Ville." Georges Imann's "Le Fils Chèbre" is, as it were, the antithesis of this theme; it depicts the insignificance of a person without virtues and without vices, who is thrown, in a world in which energy reigns supreme, into opposition with a number of heroes good or bad, odious or magnificent, all animated by a fierce will. To see the whole road that fiction has travelled it would suffice to compare this satire of a weak character with the complacency of the old naturalism.

The same liking for action plays its part no doubt in the popularity of the romances of the "wide, open spaces." Combined with the interest in the countries and peoples that have developed since the war, and with the taste for the tale of adventure, is a revival of exoticism. For the past twenty years chronicles of Africa, of the ocean islands, and of Asia have been multiplying. Following up Pierre Loti and Claude Farrère, Louis Bertrand and Pierre Mille, Jean Ajalbert and Segalen, Jérôme and Jeon Tharaud, and many others have entered this field,—Marius—Ary—Leblond, Albert de Pouvourville, Robert Randau, Elissa Rhais, J. Marquet, Jean d'Esme, to name a few. It would be wrong to see nothing but adventure in the tales of Louis Rouquette. "Les Oiseau de Tempête," "Le Grand Silence Blanc," and "La Bête Errante" are strongly influenced by two American novelists, Jack London and Stewart Edward White. English influence, notably that of Stevenson and Kipling, entered to a degree into the renaissance of our romance of adventure with Pierre Benoit, Pierre MacOrlan, and Louis Gould has sung:

Our colonial empire is an immense reservoir which constantly replenishes our exotic fiction, thus creating a constantly richer colonial literature. It has its own jury which last year awarded its prize to André Demaison for "Diato," and this year bestowed it on "Mambu et Son Amour," by Louis Charbonneau. If no writer among us has manifested the genius of Rudyard Kipling, yet each of our overseas dominions has contributed something of significance.

Foreign Notes

EMILE MAGNE, who some years ago published a book on Ninon de Lanclos, has now entirely rewritten it, and issued it under the title "Ninon de Lanclos, Portraits et Documents Inédits" (Paris: Emil-Paul). The volume contains much new biographical material, the result of M. Magne's exhaustive research. It is diffuse, presenting as it does circumstantial detail and anecdote not only in regard to its central figure but of almost every personality that came in contact with her, but it is well-ordered and critical.

* *

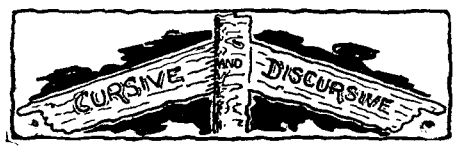
Arthur Eloesser, one of the most noted of the literary critics of Germany, has issued what is probably the best biography of Thomas Mann that has appeared.

* *

The tenth volume of General Palat's History of the War has recently been issued. "La Ruee sur Verdun" (Paris: Berger-Bevrault) covers the period from the beginning of August, 1915, to the end of June, 1916.

* *

The last number of *Nouvelle l'Europe* contained a number of hitherto unpublished letters from French exiles in Belgium. Among the correspondence were communications from Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Proud'hon, Louis Blanc, and Victor Considérant.



MODERN poetry seems to have lost the magic of the "catch," of, as Stevenson called it, "the fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!" (Of which he, incidentally, had the secret in those verses of his in "Romance," and in a few others.) Much of the poetry of the past could rouse the blood with marching measures or lift the heart with a genuine lilt. Today we make intellectual puzzles of our poems.

It would be well to revive catches, madrigals, staves to troll. Even all Man's days can be set like a bell swinging as Eden Phillpotts proved in his

Then auld man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin',
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

All the common dignities of life are best celebrated in the catch. Hark to May Byron's "The Song of the Tinker,"

I am the man of pot and pan,
I am a lad of mettle;
My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch
To mend your can and kettle;
While town-bred folk bear a year-long yoke
Among their feeble fellows,
I clink and clank on the hedgerow bank,
And blow my snoring bellows.

This is certainly not great poetry, but there is tang and flavor and gusto to it. And it is not unnatural that poetry should be regarded as song, that singable poetry should easily enter and be retained by the mind, since the earliest verses were set rippling, undoubtedly, to employ the voice while the feet trod out a tune. Thus human beings, as in their own way birds and animals, celebrate their joy. It may be a subtler feat for one in love to analyze the attributes of his lady in cryptic intervolutions of free verse, but it is surely more whole-heartedly natural, and hence more befitting the true lover, to sing, as Gerald Gould has sung:

My love is fair, she is better than fair to me:
She puts me in mind of a wild white seagull flying over the sea;
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going softly in the grass—
Of things remembered, and young things, and things that shall come to pass.

There is the lift of a genuine ecstasy in such spontaneously musical lines; and the same singing, almost the same stave, can achieve an even more powerful effect with a change of theme:

I am in love with the sea, but I do not trust her yet;
The tall ships she has slain are ill to forget:
Their sails were white in the morning, their masts were split by noon;
The sun has seen them perish, and the stars, and the moon.

The lilt varies here to abruptness as though a deeper voice were trolling the undersong of foreboding common to all mortality. But, as Tennyson put it, beyond these voices there is peace, and peace also may be set to its perfect measure. Herbert Trench has done so in,

Tree by tree filleth,
What do they sight at?
Field by field thrilleth,
Low comes the fiat:
"Let him that willeth,
Cease from his riot.
Starlight distilleth;
Do thou be quiet!

All such verses, and I have purposely avoided using as exemplars very familiar poets, are susceptible of a musical setting. Indeed I am constantly impressed by the fact that musicians and singers of today have so far hardly made any use of the resources of last-generation English verse, with so many hints for settings available in catch, madrigal, and singing stave. Here and there a good singable poem is heard, as I heard John Masefield's "Captain Stratton's Fancy" sung the other night with great effect at an informal gathering, but mostly distinctly inferior verses disfigure even an excellent setting.

In American poetry there is many a poem that should have the natural musical accompaniment to its lilt and its swing. There are many (to barely touch upon the subject) of Richard Hovey's, a number of them having been doubtless adapted, as has his "Dartmouth Winter-Song." Joel Chandler Harris's, "My Honey, My Love," a beautifully natural negro melody—and in his plantation melodies there is treasure-trove for a modern composer—is another case in point:

Hit's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,
My honey, my love!
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mister Crane,
My honey, my love!
Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you de same,
My honey, my love!
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

The Irish, of course, can furnish the best singing material. Alice Milligan's almost unknown "Mayo Love Song," for instance, sings itself thus in the first two verses:

It is far and it is far
To Connemara where you are,
To where the purple glens enfold you
Like glowing heavens that hold a star.

But they shall shine—they yet shall shine,
Colleen, those eyes of yours on mine
Like stars that after eve assemble
And tremble over the mountain line.

That, we maintain, is not only a marvelous lilt but excellent poetry; and why we should be entirely condemned to hobble like lame men in the verse of today, neglecting wilfully all cadence, measure, and quantity, when true poetry naturally moves so often to exquisite cadences or to mighty trollable rhythms, I for one, am at a loss to understand.

W. R. B.

The Washington Irving House, a memorial to the American author, was opened in Seville, Spain, May 30, as a club for Americans who reside in Seville. The opening ceremonies were an elaborate affair, and a memorial tablet to Irving was unveiled at the time.

The Salad Bowl

If Addison lives at all, it is not in the public libraries. It is in libraries that are markedly private, secluded, shaded by lilac trees and brown with folios, that he still draws his faint, regular breath. . . . The temptation to read Pope on Addison, Macaulay on Addison, Thackeray on Addison, Johnson on Addison rather than Addison himself is to be resisted.

—Virginia Woolf, *The Common Reader.*

Atlanta is a treasure house for the sightseer. . . . The greatest battle picture in the world, "The Battle of Atlanta," weighing nine tons and occupying an entire building. . . . One of Uncle Sam's largest and most costly Federal prisons. . . .—*Circular of the Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel.*

Whoever has remarked the fate of books must have found it governed by other causes than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some who have courage to tell and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perishes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly constitute the taste of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict: it may however be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

A celebrated modern author said that he thought that the most permanent and enduring achievement of the Victorian age would be neither that of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, nor of Gladstone, Disraeli, and Parnell, nor of Darwin, Huxley, and Ball, but the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. I am inclined to agree with him; and I should not be in the least surprised if, in ages to come, people will talk of the age of Gilbert and Sullivan as they talk of the age of Pericles.

—Maurice Baring, *Punch and Judy and Other Essays.*

The giving a bookseller his price for his books, has this advantage; he that will do it, shall be sure to have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hands, and so by that means get many things which otherwise he should never have seen. So 'tis in giving a bawd her price.

In quoting of books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.

—John Selden, *Table Talk* (1869).

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN (Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan). By ANNE MIDDLETON HOLMES. Rumford Press. 1925.

This life story of a Virginia belle now in her eighty-ninth year deserves a wider reading than a privately printed biography can possibly have. In a hundred pages Mrs. Holmes has drawn a character, who, while scarcely historical, conveys a sense of the pre-Civil War days, also the difficulty of a Southern woman's part in New York during that War, and who presents as well a type of American womanhood in the great tradition. Mrs. Holmes's achievement is two-fold; the story never halts, and she makes the charm of Mrs. Sullivan felt. Those interested in reading this biography can find it, we are informed, in the New York Public Library, Columbia, and New York University, the Brooklyn Museum, and in several libraries in Virginia.

Drama

THE IMPOSSIBLE PHILANTHROPIST. A MIXED FOURSOME. THE DESIRE FOR CHANGE. Comedies. By FRANCIS NEILSON. Huebsch. 1925. $1.50 each.

Mr. Neilson, in these plays, attempts no preachment, grapples no problem, concerns himself not at all with any moral. This is appreciated. On the other hand, we have a suspicion that he is rather attempting all the time to be clever, which is so much more difficult than to moralize and solve problems. Too difficult for Mr. Neilson, despite the considerable neatness of his hand at weaving plots. His technical skill is that of a good craftsman. It is a skill of doing clever things with inert material. Unquestionably these plays will act, which Brander Matthews will tell you is considerable of a virtue in a play. But they will never give anyone much of a thrill, nor any æsthetic enjoyment.

Two of these plays open with the most time-honored of all devices, a conversation between servants to let the audience—or readers—in on the lay of the land. The plot of one of them turns on the well-worn theme of the physical fascination exercised by an Adonis-like ex-pugilist on a virginal lady of high social standing. Another gives a little twist to the equally familiar story of the estranged husbands and wives reconciled when they come face to face in circumstances apparently compromising to all of them. The third is not entirely original in its treatment of the problems of a group of ladies and gentlemen suddenly reduced to taking care of their own physical wants during a twenty-four hour strike of hotel employees; and it suffers by laying itself open to a comparison with Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" in the matter of turning a chambermaid into a lady. In "The Impossible Philanthropist" Mr. Neilson tries quite hard to be clever, chiefly through the words of Wilfred, who says "slam" when he means "damn."

"A Mixed Foursome" is the most dramatic of these pieces, the mystery and suspense being well maintained in detail, though the dénouement is foreseen long before the final come-to-my-bosom scene.

TYNDALE. By *Parker Hord*. Century. 50 cents.

THE YALE SHAKESPEARE: PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. Edited by *A. R. Bellinger*. Yale University Press.

Fiction

THE MISSING INITIAL. By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN. Appleton. 1925. $2.

The present murder yarn is an exciting, cleverly constructed specimen whose success was limited, for us, by the excessive quantity of dust which the author threw constantly in our eyes. To be precise in our fault-finding, we were irritated at the number of candidates offered in the rôle of those to be suspected of killing the disagreeable Clifford Burton. We enjoy being fooled, but here the human accessories for our befuddlement crowded so fast and thick that our pleasure suffered.

Norma Page is awakened from nocturnal slumber by a cry which makes her witness of a murder taking place across the court from the apartment she is occupying. Only the hand and dagger of the assailant, besides the body of the victim, are visible. Swiftly following upon this promising beginning, the story is invaded by a throng of characters who might have done the vile deed, a naval commander, his wife, mother, little boy, the dead man's titled nephew, who is Norma's fiancé, a swarthy Cuban tutor, a French maid, a renegade Russian, and numerous supers of other racial strains. The personnel resembles a miniature League of Nations. When all of them get going, the ensuing tumult rises to a frenzy which sometimes puts us at a loss to follow who is which and how. Nevertheless, the "kick" is unfailing throughout, and that is the main requirement.

UNINVITED GUESTS. By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON. Dial. 1925. $2.

The persistent and shady intruders of the title rang the front bell of Mr. Blythe's secluded country-house with a frequency which drove the old man and his servants nearly distracted. They would come alone and successively, a blind man begging, a peddler, a lantern jawed man inquiring for an escaped lunatic, a young man with a bicycle, a young lady artist, a professional man asking after the health of the owner. Their brief, repeated appearances succeed in arousing in the reader a mood of mystification nearly as uncanny and intense as Mr. Blythe's.

Finally, at his wits' end, the old man enlists a clever young novelist, Peter Haslam, and an experienced detective named Grant, to undertake with him the solution of his furtive visitors' intentions. One is conscious, while watching their combined, unavailing efforts, of a thrilling spectacle transpiring just beyond the reach of our own comprehension. All the characters feel it acutely, but none can form the faintest notion of what is actually going on. But gradually the expert skill of Grant begins to lighten the burden of common bafflement, and at last the whole thing is revealed as clear as day. Perhaps the reader may feel that he has been slightly "let down" by the conclusion, but all in all the book, of its kind, is a signally satisfying production.

THOSE DIFFICULT YEARS. By FAITH BALDWIN. Small, Maynard. $2. 1925.

Although there be nothing new in the delineation of the difficulties of a young married couple in adjusting themselves to one another and to life, yet the theme is one that is ever susceptible of fresh treatment because of the innumerable shades and gradations of individual experience and perception. And, in her latest novel, Faith Baldwin has brought to an old subject an earnestness and an individuality that will doubtless find her many readers. "Those Difficult Years" is in no way an exceptional book, yet is in no way deserving of neglect; it makes interesting reading in spite of its diffuseness, and has a reality that apparently takes root in actual experience; it seems born out of the genuine thoughts and emotions of the author rather than "made to order" after the fashion of so much present day fiction. The central character is a young married woman, Leslie Haddon; and the action of the entire story springs out of the hopes and struggles, the misunderstandings and reconciliations of her and her husband after the honeymoon period and during the soberer maturing years.

Juvenile

EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Doran. 1925. $1.25.

Rose Fyleman has never disappointed us yet. We don't think she ever will, for she is a twentieth century elf with a seemingly inexhaustible store of fancies in her pack! Just to show on what intimate terms she is with the "Good Little People" she has put a fairy into each of these eight plays for children. This she does in the most gay and nonchalant manner, just as if catching a Fairy and getting it safely between book covers was no feat at all. To all earnest authors of child literature who have never managed to capture more than the shadow of one for their own printed pages, we recommend this joyous volume.

But the tinkle of Elfin laughter mingles comfortably with the chuckles of childhood and these eight short plays are rollicking good fun with all their delectable and gossamer fancy. Kings and Queens and Lord Chamberlains; Live Dolls; Piping Shepherds and Shepherdesses; Mother Carey herself; Father Christmas, and Darby and Joan are only a few of the quaint characters that cry out to be acted by youngsters of six to

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New York Times: "All physicians, medical students, and those who intend to study medicine should read it. Habitual readers of biographies should be delighted with its charm and simplicity."

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New York Sun: "There are many biographies of physicians that merit the designation 'great' and to this list must be added Harvey Cushing's 'Life of Sir William Osler.'"

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Juvenile

ten. No play is long enough to grow tedious and the lines are charmingly fresh and piquant, without a trace of grown-up patronage behind them. Personally our favorite in the group is "Darby and Joan." We would gladly walk miles or ride hours in the subway for a chance to see six-year-olds enact this thrilling drama of the little man and woman who lived in a toy barometer house and who, since one must come out for wet and the other for fine weather, were doomed never to meet except by special permission of the Fairy Powers that be.

FOUGHT FOR ANNAPOLIS. By FITZHIGH GREEN. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

A faithful picture of Annapolis and the life of its undergraduates written by a Naval Officer. From it boys will realize, through the experiences of its hero, that a man can never learn to handle men until he has learned to handle himself. All phases of life at the Naval Academy are introduced into the weave of the story, which has a sustained interest and dash of "pep" contributed largely through its many episodes of an athletic character. It is a book suitable for boys of from twelve to sixteen.

THE STREET OF THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS. By *Gladys Carvis.* Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

WHAT A MAN TOLD HIS SON. By *Robert Torrington Furman.* Les Penseurs.

SILVER PENNIES. By *Blanche Jennings Thompson.* Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

GASOLINE; WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT. By T. A. BOYD. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

There have been several good treatises on gasoline which cover such technical matters as distillation and testing. But it has remained for Mr. Boyd, who is head of the Fuel Section of the General Motors Research Corporation, to write a comprehensive book of more popular tone for the layman or average automobilist.

The author begins by citing the rapid growth of the automobile in the past thirty years, remarking on the part which it plays today in peace and war, and pointing out that without gasoline the motor car of today could not have reached this development. Chapters are given to the nature and occurrence of petroleum and a brief description of the methods of distillation and cracking by which gasoline is obtained from petroleum, as well as the compression and absorption processes which yield casinghead or natural gasoline. Consideration of the volatility of gasoline leads naturally to a discussion of the actual combustion in the automobile engine. This chapter, "More Miles Per Gallon," will probably claim the first attention of most readers.

The startling statement that the modern automobile "on the average . . . converts into available power at the road less than five per cent of the energy stored up in the gasoline it consumes," dissipating the rest in heat, friction, and "knocking," emphasizes the force of the author's advocacy of the "lean" carburetor adjustment and of economical methods in driving. A word for good roads, a chapter on hazards, and a glance into the future sources and conservation of this fuel conclude a well-rounded and ably-written book.

EUPHONENGLISH AND WORLD-STANDARD ENGLISH IN AMERICA. By M. E. DEWITT. Dutton. 1925. $1.20.

This book is a valiant plea for better spoken English, not alone in the United States and Canada, but everywhere. The book will be discussed with passion, and should enjoy wide use, in conjunction with two other valuable books: "The Pronunciation of Standard English in America," by G. P. Krapp, and "American Pronunciation: a Text Book of Phonetics for Students of English," by J. S. Kenyon. By the convenient term EuphonEnglish, Miss DeWitt means oral Standard English, whose norm—with permissible deviations, of course—she takes to be the British East Midland dialect, which, for political reasons, has attained preëminence. She shows how political events and geography determine the destiny of a dialect, independently of its excellencies and defects. In a number of brief chapters, marked by freshness and originality, Miss DeWitt develops her brilliant argument, in which, by the way, you are either with her or against her: you can not be neutral. The mere titles of some of these chapters indicate the fascinating richness of the discussions: "Our Literary Heritage," "Dialects," "The Flood Tide of a Dialect," "Standard Spoken English," "Accepted Standard," "World Standard English in America," "The Standard Mother Tongue," "English and French." Any one of these and other brief chapters offers material for a long lecture—for a book, indeed. We read these chapters breathlessly, and are eager to ride out in turn and break a lance in one camp or the other. This book makes crusaders of us.

Part II is valuable in a different way. It offers thirty or forty transcriptions of "good English." Miss DeWitt calls them euphonetigraphs, an excellent name. These transcriptions by a past master of the art will be studied for generations. The notes concerning the author's speech are the most remarkable record of the sort that we have.

A HANDBOOK OF THE OUTDOORS. By EARLE AMOS BROOKS. Doran. 1925.

This "inspirational guide" for the training of youth in the use of outdoor activities, while the least inspiring book of the sort we have yet come across, has the virtues of thoroughness and a fair bibliography. Thirty chapters list and explain the games and crafts that a "leader" of boys and girls should know. Alas, the explanations are made in the spirit of "Sanford and Merton"; God is rubbed in on every page; and it is to be feared that the only men and women fit to be "leaders," that is those with a sense of humor, will never be able to get through this admirably intended handbook.

THE DEGENERATIVE DISEASES. By LEWELLYS F. BARKER and THOMAS P. SPRUNT. Harpers. 1925. $4.

While several generations of medical students revered the name of Osler as of one a little more than human, by a touch of that irony universally prevalent in human affairs, he did not become known to the general public until one evening he facetiously remarked that a man was through at forty and should be chloroformed at sixty. Soon after this, Dr. Osler retired from American medicine and later died. His place was taken by Dr. Lewellys F. Barker of Johns Hopkins.

In his present volume, far from showing how men in their fifth and sixth decades should be put out of the way, Doctor Barker and his colleague, Doctor Thomas P. Sprunt, show how diseases incident to that time of life may be prevented, or their severity mitigated. Doctors Barker and Sprunt have discussed in an intelligible way the wear and tear on the vital organs; the most important and most interesting being the diseases of the heart, blood-vessels, and kidneys.

The layman who is interested in these chronic diseases, either by reason of apprehension about his own health, or for any other cause, will find the leading facts succinctly presented. There is no sensationalism and no attempt at a fluent, journalistic style, such as disfigures so many of the popular health articles syndicated in the press, but a clear, dignified presentation.

THE FARMER'S CHURCH. By WARREN H. WILSON. Century. 1925. $2.

To those of us who have viewed with grave concern the slowly weakening influence of the rural church, this book will give much food for thought, as well as hope of a better and brighter day for our American farmer. Dr. Wilson has portrayed here in colorful language the problems which confront the country church and the country pastor. His book is brimful of inspirational suggestions of what the church might and must be if it is to survive as a vital influence in the social and spiritual life of our rural communities.

Dr. Wison speaks as a man with authority, having served for sixteen years as a specialist in rural sociology for the Presbyterian National Missions Board. He is the author of "The Church of the Open Country," "The Evolution of the Country Community," besides reports of social surveys of counties in many states, and of the Ohio Rural Life Survey of 1911.

THE NEGRO AROUND THE WORLD. By WILLARD PRICE. Doran. 1925. 75 cents.

In this book, the author gives a swift summary of conditions pertaining to negroes throughout the world. His brief seems to be that since there are so many negroes and since their number is constantly growing, it is for the benefit of the more civilized peoples to lend them a helping hand in the upward climb to enlightenment. Missionaries, doctors, educators there are in Africa, but not enough. Mr. Price would have more, many more, for he is convinced the negro can develop with amazing rapidity if he is given a chance. And for proof he turns to the advancement of the American negro.

The only trouble with Mr. Price's missionary zeal for the benighted black race is that his theory is too dogmatic and tinctured with white snobism. How can we be so sure our white civilization is so superior to that of the blacks—at least as far as they are concerned? How can we at any rate enforce upon them a civilization not intrinsically theirs? Are we not finding the negro contributes most to his own race and to humanity by going back to his own roots and developing his indigenous culture? Like the proverbial Chinaman the negro might very well reply to Mr. Price that it is impossible for him to attain to the marvellous civilization of the white "I can't shoot straight enough."

THE CHILD, THE CLINIC, AND THE COURT. New Republic. 1925.

This is a collection of twenty-seven papers given at a joint commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first Juvenile Court and the fifteenth anniversary of the first Psycopathic Institute, which was held in Chicago in early January, 1925.

At this commemoration, according to Jane Addams who acted as Chairman and who writes an introduction to the present collect, "there was a determination to understand the growing child and a sincere effort to find ways for securing his orderly development in normal society. The volume certainly affords a cross-section of the present widespread study of youthful behavior under a great variety of social stimuli and of its biological and cultural sources."

Among other contributors to the volume are Julia Lathrop, William Healy, Miriam Van Waters, Franz Boas, Joel D. Hunter, Ben B. Lindsey, Grace Abbott, Herman Adler, Julian Mack and F. P. Cabot.

CAMERA LENSES. By *Arthur Lockett.* Pitman. 75 cents.

THE WEBSTER-ROGET DICTIONARY AND TREASURY OF WORDS. By *C. M. Stevens, C. O. Mawson* and *Katherine A. Whiting.* Crowell. $1.75.

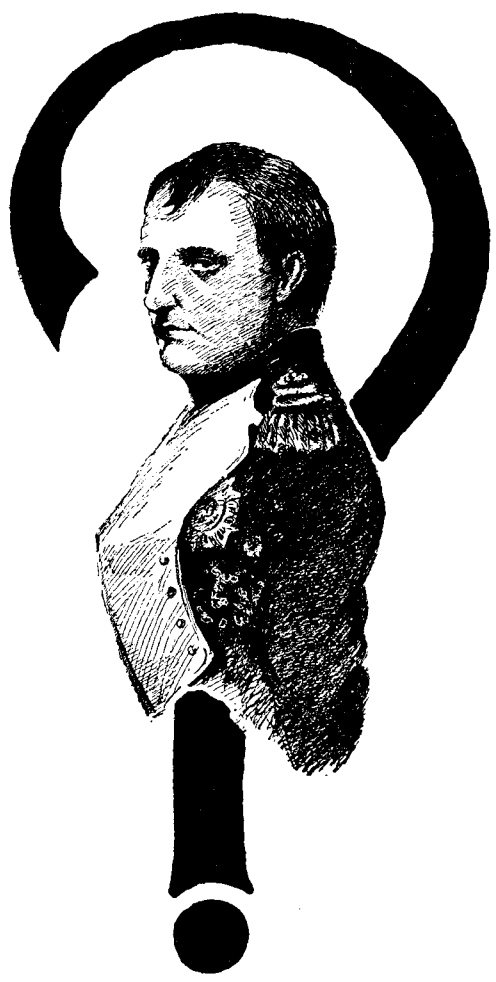
WEAVING WITH SMALL APPLIANCES. Written and Illustrated by *Luther Hooper.* Pitman. $2.25.

PUTNAM'S FRENCH CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK. By *Henry E. Mills.* Putnams. $1.50.

PUBLIC HEALTH IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By *William Henry Welch.* Yale University Press. $1.

GLADIOLI. By *A. J. Macself.* Scribners. $

FRENCH HOME COOKING. By *Claire De Pra* Edited by *Day Monroe.* Dutton. $2.50.



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(*See page* 895 *for Rules of Conrad Contest*)

Only a stretch of ocean, across which secret messages were nightly passing, lay between Napoleon, now Emperor of an island, and Genoa, where the scenes of "Suspense" were unfolding. Already the hero of the story was being drawn into his powerful orbit, to be used how? Is Napoleon already planning Waterloo? Is the brig upon which he sailed hovering already on the Mediterranean? Is his dominant figure, bringing change and revolution, about to crash through the delicate plot of a novel where love is beginning? For Napoleon, for Cosmo, for the Countess, for Joseph Conrad, it was suspense, leading to what inevitable conclusion? **What is the end of "Suspense"? Start Conrad's last, unfinished novel in this issue of "The Saturday Review."**

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF PIANO TOUCH AND TONE. By *Otto Ortmann*. Dutton. $5.

A MANUAL OF STYLE WITH SPECIMENS OF TYPE. University of Chicago Press. $3.

STANDARD ETIQUETTE. By *Anna Steese Richardson*. Harpers. $4.

THE QUEEN OF COOKS AND SOME KINGS. By *Mary Lawton*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

AID TO RHYME. By *Bessie G. Redfield*. Putnams. $2.

CODED LIMERICKS. By *S. B. Dickson*. Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

ENGLISH FURNITURE AT A GLANCE. By *Charles H. Hayward*. Putnam.

BASEBALL. By *Stanley Harris*. Stokes. $1.

A HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE. By *Norman Scott Brien Gras*. New York: Crofts.

TRAVELLING ON THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY. By *Clement G. Lanni*. Rochester, N. Y.: Rochester Alliance Press.

Pamphlets

CORNO PUEDE AMERICA PRONTO Y FACILMENTE IMPEDIS PARA SIEMPRE LAS QUERRAS. By *Luigi Carnovale*. Chicago.

THE TENNESSEE CAUSE CELEBRE. By *Gabriel Wells*. Doubleday, Page.

THE COMING CHURCH. By *Duren J. H. Ward*. Denver: Up the Divide.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF FARMERS' COOPERATIVE MARKETING. By *Benson Y. Landis*. University of Chicago Press.

VOCATIONS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN: A Reading List. American Library Association.

BOOKLIST BOOKS. American Library Association.

VIEWPOINTS IN MODERN DRAMA. By *Francis K. W. Drury*. American Library Association. 75 cents.

ECONOMIC FEMINISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE PRIOR TO 1848. By *Augusta Genevieve Violette*. University of Maine Press.

ARBITRATION. By *Gabriel Wells*. Country Life Press.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S DIRECTED INDIRECTIONS. By *Donald Davidson*.

(*Continued on page* 903)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

DRUMS. By JAMES BOYD (Scribners).

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUR. By DALLAS LORE SHARP (Harpers).

BEYOND THE UTMOST PURPLE RIM. By ALEXANDER POWELL (Century).

W. N., South Haven, Mich., asks for the name of the author of "A Log Cabin Lady."

BUT that is beyond the power of this department to reveal. It is even out of the power of the book's publishers, Little, Brown. The manuscript came to them from Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of the *Delineator*, where the story first appeared; the contracts require payment to be made to a prominent trust company for "the author of 'The Log Cabin Lady,'" so that it is, they assure me, absolutely impossible for them to give even an inkling of the author's identity. One can scarcely wonder; the desperate frankness with which she tells her early struggles with table-manners and without table-napkins would be possible only under some such shield. Someone should write the history of successful, or at least long-prolonged anonymities. For instance, the carefully guarded secret of the authorship of the war-novel, "Christine."

M. M. C., Lowell, Mass., asks for an exceptionally good book on the lives of the Popes.

AS there have been more than three hundred Popes, a single book, exceptionally good, on the lives of all of them would be almost impossible. Heffer, Cambridge, England, has just published in one volume eleven chapters on the Popes, entitled "Papacy." The chapters are by different specialists and each chapter has a bibliography. The "Catholic Encyclopedia" in its different volumes gives brief and adequate lives of the different Popes. I learn from Rev. F. P. Donnelly that there are three great series of lives of the Popes under way, "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages," by Grisar, in three volumes; "Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages," by Mann, in twelve volumes; "History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages," in twelve volumes, published in London. These series, not yet completed, are expected to connect with one another. There is, of course, always Ranke's famous "History of the Popes," a work in several volumes.

N. W., Helena, Mont., asks for recent books on Egyptian and Babylonian diggings.

"THE Tomb of Tutankhamen," by Howard Carter and A. C. Mace (Doran), is the official record of the co-discoverer with Lord Carnarvon, but is far more interesting reading for the layman than many archæological reports have been. It is beautifully and fully illustrated, and is complete in itself, going to the resumption of work in 1924, but other volumes are announced to follow. "A Century of Excavation in the Land of the Pharaohs," by James Baikie (Revell), is a popular account, illustrated. The same author's "Life in the Ancient East" (Macmillan) is a larger work concerned with explorations in general and the conditions under which they are carried out. "The Romance of Excavation," by David Masters (Dodd, Mead), tells the methods and results of the important expeditions to Egypt, Babylonia, Crete, Troy, and scenes of other famous discoveries, especially in their more thrilling aspects. G. E. Smith's "Tutankhamen and the Discovery of His Tomb" (Dutton) is a popular work by the author of the recently published "Elephants and Ethnology" (Dutton). "The Glory of the Pharaohs" (Putnam) and "Tutankhamen" (Doran), both by Arthur Weigall, are widely read. Of more expensive publications, important recent works are "Babylonian Problems," by W. H. Lane (Dutton), "The Dawn of Civilization," by G. C. C. Maspero (Macmillan), and "Balabish," by G. A. Wainwright (Oxford University Press). There is naturally a good deal about both Egypt and Babylon in the set of four volumes of "Wonders of the Past" (Putnam), whose excellencies I have often proclaimed. Edgar J. Banks, formerly field director of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Chicago and author of "Bismya" in the Encyclopedia Brittanica and many other archæological works, sent me word that he has for sale a number of inscribed Babylonian tablets, temple records, and business documents of 4,000 years ago—accompanied with descriptions of contents and places where found.

D. R. M., Columbia, Mo., suggests to the Oklahoma correspondent looking for recent literary treatment of nature in this country "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," by Enos A. Mills, "a Kansan by birth and a follower of Thoreau, Burroughs, and their school. Walter Prichard Eaton has done some very lovely things in nature description. His 'Barn Doors and Byways,' 1913, 'Green Trails and Upland Pastures,' 1917, and 'In Berkshire Meadows' recently published, are very much worth while. Then there is 'Jungle Peace,' William Beebe's loveliest thing, and finally, the works of Dallas Lore Sharp, a facile nature writer: speed his fame to Oklahoma." D. R. M. has qualified under Samuel Butler's test for literary ability (quoted in the course of the Persian cat inquiry); she has named her cat Miniver Cheevy. Anyone who knows a certain type of cat and the poetry of E. A. Robinson knows her type of cat.

C. H. L., Postdam, N. Y., would be glad to learn more about English surnames than he finds in Bardsley, fascinating as his books may be.

BARDSLEY, for the benefit of those just beginning on this intriguing pursuit, is the "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames, with Special American Instances," by C. W. Bardsley, revised by his widow (Frowde, London, 1901). Before that came M. A. Lower's "English Surnames" (J. R. Smith, 1849), an essay on family nomenclature by the author of "Patronymica Britannica" (Smith, 1860), and after it "British Family Names, Their Origin and Meaning," by Henry Barber (Stock, 1903). This includes Scandinavian, Frisian, Anglo-Saxon and Norman names. "Family Names and Their Story," by S. Baring-Gould (Seeley), came in 1910, and the "Surnames" by Ernest Weekley in 1916—it is published here by Dutton and is in print, a fascinating book like all of Weekley's books. "Surnames of the United Kingdom: a concise etymological dictionary," by H. Harrison and Gydha Pulling (Eaton Press), in two volumes, comes up to 1918.

"Court-hand Restored," by Andrew Wright, revised by C. T. Martin (Stevens, 1912), is a book for name-tracers; it is a guide for reading old deeds, records, and the like. There are copper-plates describing old law-hands, with their contractions and abbreviations, and an appendix with ancient names of Great Britain and Scotland.

Words, perhaps more especially surnames, some from far away and long ago, rich with invisible freight, with lost memories and forgotten associations. If there is anything more interesting than efforts to unload some of this freightage into the life of today, I have yet to find it in literature.

PRONUNCIATIONS have broken out again: I have been answering calls from all over the map. *L. A. B.*, Columbus, Ind., asks for Canada and Cather; the former comes down on the can and the latter starts like Catholic. How is Anne Douglas Sedgwick's married name pronounced? According to Mackey's "Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names" (Dodd, Mead), it is Say-lan-koor. *C. T. L.*, Virginia, asks on what syllable Margaret Deland's name is stressed (the second) and if Balisand's first a is long or short? I know what makes him ask that; the name

(*Continued on next page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

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Additional books continuing the series are already planned for future publication: *A Bibliography of Related Art Books,* by Marion E. Clark; *The Chemistry of Food* by Katherine Blunt and and Laura F. McLaughlin; and *The Better Nutrition of Children* by Lydia J. Roberts.

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Points of View

Brooks on James

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

It is with a sense of relief that we read at the end of Mr. Brooks's book on Henry James how the Pilgrim thankfully returned to his anchorage, his corner of the Europe that he had gone forth to conquer, his beautiful retreat at Rye. It is regrettable that by a book so just, sympathetic, and so beautifully written, we should be left with the impression that the pilgrimage was, after all, a mistake and a failure. The opinion receives strengthening that Henry James might have "done better" had he stayed at home in America, an opinion that was his own fear until he followed—we cannot be thankful enough that he did—that last impulse to revisit his native shores. The pilgrimage—what true artist does not passionately set out on a pilgrimage of beauty—was, since he was the fastidious artist in human material, a pilgrimage after beautiful manners. Can we justly conclude that because he failed to find them in Europe, they would have embraced him here?

Mr. Brooks perceived of Fleda Vetch that her "life ends in tragedy because she is too fine for those among whom her lot is cast." This is James's tragedy. Unless we prefer to say that it is the tragedy of America. The present excellent critic, like so many others, decides that James is not really great. Those whom we account "great" seem always to include in the gamut of qualities human and creative the factor of brutality and coarseness. This James did not possess. Is it impossible to be "great" and to be "fine" at the same time? Does the history of woman's creative effort assert it? Is greatness really "great?"

We touch in James's "failure" the tragedy of the idealist, who is always bound to fail, unless we choose to say that his "failure" is always "success." And those stories of the misunderstood and unsuccessful artist referred to by Mr. Brooks are eternally true without any reference whatever to England or the personal fate of James. Every nation records its few great artists who, born in an age favorable to their development, attained success within their lifetime. How many more are recorded whose success came when the age caught up with them, after their death. And how many more, these the unrecorded, to whom their times were as parched and sterile soil to the nurture-needing rose! Can we with seriousness maintain that America would have nourished James? Oh, this question of "nature and nurture" in the arts! Do we remember how Boccaccio speaking of Dante's achievements, as we see them, arrived at by sheer genius and perserverance in the face of so many obstacles and hostilities, asks what would have become of him if he had had as much help as hindrance, or merely a few obstacles such as many men encounter? And concludes worshipfully: "To be sure, I do not know; but, if it is permitted to say so, I would say that on earth he would have become a god."

It is true that "a man always pays in one way or another for expatriation, for detachment from his plain primary heritage." But, remained at home, James would still have paid, and more bitterly, for the expatriation of his forebears. To "pay" one needs only a complexity of soul and a heritage of culture, and no particular "shielding" in childhood from the life about, as the James's knew shielding.

Mr. Brooks has James musing as to what he might have done with people he would have readily understood, "whose thoughts would have been his thoughts." As if the lover of beauty, the passionate devotee of "art" would have found her "his thoughts"! As if this sensitive spirit would have found expression in the period of the "happy ending," or the fastidious Puritan in the period of a belated and immature realism! He "paid" in England for being different. But nowhere more than in America does one pay the penalty of being "different." And if in England he felt as if his feet had not touched the ground, as if he lived in a balloon, where would his feet have anchored here? As a keen-sighted European recently remarked, in America, much more than elsewhere, the "group" resists the "person." James happier and more successful here? Nowhere have Goethe's words about a certain period in Germany been more applicable than to James's America: "The public has no longer the unity of a childish taste and still less the unity of a complete culture. It is between the two, and so it is a glorious time for the mediocre author. But for those who do not merely wish to make money, all the worse."

He found in the place of the enchantment of a fine culture a "bottomless vulgarity." Where, oh where, are our "enchantments"?

He had not had the faintest chance of being understood. Everything had been corked up. Can we for a moment assert that in a country where to express a different opinion is socially a *faux pas* and verges on the unethical that he would have effervesced?

He had vague longings for the early American material. Like Hawthorne, he had worked that vein. How long would it have continued to supply him? Hasn't the puritan beauty in America withered away as awfully as the romantic beauty of Europe?

Mr. Brooks says: "Howells had been steeped in his native soil like every great novelist, and if he wasn't great, it was another matter." But is it entirely? We imagine that a genius can make a work of art of any material, create that profound and limpid stream of poetry of such "human" value that in it "the little lamb can walk with his feet and the great elephant amply swim." But literature is dyed with the stuff it works in, and fiction so long as it concerns itself with the time and the place, takes from them its beauty or lack of beauty to an enormous extent. It was Schiller who noted that the Greeks failed of beauty when they touched the unbeautiful or the unbeautifully felt theme. Who could feel more keenly than James that to pick from life a flower of art there must be a deep substratum of meaning and of beauty? Have there been no great American themes? The "Titanic West" has not yet found its Titanic artist, and this life was natively as foreign to the taste of James as the vulgarity of the industrial age. There must be an affinity between subject and genius. What was there in the human nature about him to which the "most silvered, the most golden" strings of his harp would resonantly have responded?

Greatness in spite of all, does not reside purely in subject, but in "treatment," in some peculiar light brought to bear upon it that comes from the soul of the artist, in "the vision of genius" to use James's own words, "springing from an inward source." Mr. Brooks makes a facile division between primary and secondary fiction, the first starting with persons, as James did in the early days, the second with the "predicament." But despite the too American tendency to emphasize predicament, or plot, one can refer to a difference of opinion on this matter in authorities like Arnold, who minimized character in favor of action, and Goethe who says: "What distinguishes the artist from the mere amateur is architectonics in the highest sense: that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes."

If it is the light from the artist's soul that produces "greatness," then that soul must be "great." Great souls succeed sometimes in shedding this light despite a very mediocre technique, as numerous novelists of the nineteenth century succeeded in doing when the novel was scarcely an art form at all. Was James's "soul" great? Here is the real question. And how much is "soul" dependent an nationality? If the essential merit of Balzac was the setting of the soul inextricably in its milieu, if in every conflict we feel embedded in our antagonist his social group, his nation, his ancestry, his education, must we not see the artist in this perspective, too?

It is the "later" James who suffers at the hands of the public and of critics. But leaving aside the immensely important question of whether in a reaction from American life he would even more and earlier have sought an intangible region peopled with intangible creatures of his own than in the reaction from Europe, we are bound to recognize that it was his very Americanness that was his Nemesis. His "Yankee ingenuity," this pre-eminently American quality of ingenuity, it was that flowered into these subtleties of situation and of intelligence. James's early wonder was whether an American could be an artist at all. Do we have in him a kind of appalling prophecy of what he must become—if he is at all to be? Will his art, with his superior intellectual development, be bound to run into monumental and geometric puzzles?

His characters became more and more nebulous, shaped like planets that yet remain clouds of fiery mist. And their emotional crises remain misty, too. But is this tendency "to evade the direct presentation of moments of emotional stress," this inability to expose the last nudity of emotion, not essentially American, too, granted that the emotion is there at all? Even that unsubstantial "intelligence" of the characters, their peculiar deprivedness of passionate ideas, is it not of the same impeachment?

Mr. Brooks by an unfortunate expression subscribes to a popular opinion that because of James's intense pre-occupation with "form" he failed in his later work to give us "substance," depth and variety of life, putting again the two in that ancient and unfortunate antithesis. The French know better than that. For them there is only one poetry, wether it be in verse, or in prose. Only under this conception does fiction become literature. The fault with the later manner is not that there is too much "form," but that there is too little selection, which is only another way of saying not form enough. It was too inclusive, too little chaste and lapidaric, too little agonized over—and withal so wonderful. This "form" James had once learned of the French to respect. Did he forget it? Could he, as an Anglo-Saxon, ever make it completely his own? Perhaps the French are forgetting it, too. That is why we are not inevitably electrified anymore on taking up a French book. Or perhaps this was ever the secret and conviction of the masters only.

It is by "form" that vitality and depth and variety are achieved—for that there be substance we take for granted, the condition *sine qua non*, the seed from which the flower springs, the flower that precisely is art. It is by "form" that the creative artist if he is "great" achieves that transmutation of his material that electrifies. If it has not this, though it may have everything else to captivate and to beguile, it is once for all not art, and it is art that is the pasionate pilgrim's quest of the artist.

ELFRIEDA H. POPE.

A Word to the Wise

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

One cannot help wondering just what is gained on any side by reviewing a book without reading it, or reading it partially which comes to the same thing. It would save so much time and space to have a reviewer given to such a practice merely sign a statement to the effect that he had glanced at the title of such and such a book and finding it did not coincide with his opinions herewith condemned it, or, finding it did not coincide, herewith approved. This would be so much more honest, and fair to the reader than judgment without the facts can be and would equally well preserve the beliefs of the reviewer from all danger of exposure to alien ideas.

Which comment is called forth by your review of my "How to See Modern Pictures" (Dial Press) in which all the things the reviewer berates me for not doing are done in the sixth chapter. In that chapter I gave full importance to human emotions and ideas, as he would have me,—put design, which has been stressed up to that point because it is at present unavailable to just such minds as his, in leash, as it were, to subject.

A writer values constructive adverse criticism based on the facts, but I have noticed from other letters such as this that quite a few writers besides myself seem inclined to object to abuse based on erroneous assumptions.

RALPH M. PEARSON.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of the owner of the estate was Richard Bale. But Mr. MacDougall of Knopf says the a is short. Another name asked for is "Juan de Onate, mentioned so many times in connection with the early history of New Mexico." His liquid syllables are Ohn-yah-tay. Pinocchio does not sound like chew; its ch has the sound of k. *H. I. D.*, Seattle, asks about Borzoi and Knopf; take them both along the line of least resistance; around the office they call it *Bor*-zoy with a short z, and just put all the letters in Knopf any way you can. Marcel Proust is Proost; *Lad*islas Reymont is *Ray*-mont; Tolstoy's heroine is Anna Kar-*en*-nin-a and Jacobson's hero, Niels Lyhne, as *Lee*-neh. That will do for the American throat; to be quite right, make two syllables of the French Lune. Bojer, for whom *D. M. T.*, Syracuse, asks, is Boyer. *W. K.*, who asks if Sheila Kaye-Smith rhymes with day or dye, may be answered both ways, for her middle name rhymes with day and she has lately married the Rev. T. P. Fry.

I am still in pursuit of authority on the name Droeshout, Flemish engraver of the picture that "was for gentle Shakespeare cut." A search that led from this city to California resulted in four mutually antipathetic pronunciations, but W. W. Ellsworth says if it is not anglicized by this time it ought to be and anyone ought to get by with Dreurshoot. I had often wondered why I am asked for advice on the name of the author of "Three Black Pennys"; *how else could you say it*, I thought, until *G. T. W.*, Cleveland, O., asks "is it Herges-himer, or Hergy-shimer?" The first way, and Arthur Machen starts off like Hackensack. But how to pronounce, as *O. M. T.*, Savannah, Ga., wishes to do, the Indian words and names used in Kipling's stories, I know not, unless one should ask Dhan Gopal Mukerji. But why say them at all? Why get so close as to break the spell? Why strive to learn what a chaprassi may be, or a sais, or a jhampani—I understand they are part of the family somehow, and how much more decorative if slightly unexplained? A wallah by any other name could not wallah so sweetly. Now that Africa has pushed its way on to the fiction map and novelists have learned the trick of producing local color by talking untranslated dialects of the jungle, unless you pronounce just as you prefer there will be large zones of silence. Just what, for instance, is a *mtoto*? Page Mr. Brett-Young, whose "Woodsmoke" revolves for a few pages around one of these, whatever they are. No, my jurisdiction stops, in matters of pronunciation, this side of "Batouala."

T. M., Greenwich, Conn., asks for advice on systems of exercise, for brain-workers.

I CAN give you the advice given me by one, which was to combine "Invisible Exercise," by Gerald Stanley Lee (Dutton)—the irreducible minimum of exertion—with "Mobilizing the Mid-Brain," by Frederick Pierce (Dutton). She said she could get twice as much done with the combined help of these two. Beyond this, the medical profession may attend to it.

G. D. S., Jacksonville, Fla., asks where to find statements of the basic difference of opinion between Fundamentalists and Modernists in religion today.

SOME of the issues were defined in the public debates between Dr. Straton and Rev. Charles F. Potter, respectively representing Baptist and Unitarian positions. These debates—four out of five, the last one not given—have been published in pamphlet form and may be bought from Mr. Potter's office, 544 Cathedral Parkway, N. Y., at fifty cents each. The titles are "The Battle Over the Books," "Evolution vs. Creation," "Virgin Birth," and "Was Christ Both God and Man?"

The recent visit of Dean Inge will trust make more readers here for his contribution to this subject, in "Religion and Life" (Appleton), a symposium in which appears his "Faith and Reason."

G. F. S., Tacoma, Wash., jumps into the Paul Bunyan controversy on behalf of Esther Shephard—for after years of no Bunyan literature at all we have suddenly more than one claimant to the honor of introducing him to the reading public. He sends me a pamphlet issued by the University of Wisconsin for the use of students of its summer session, 1922, "Paul Bunyan Tales," whose appended bibliography shows Esther Shephard as contributing "The Round River Drive" to *The American Lumberman* in April, 1914, and "The Tall Tale in American Literature" to the *Pacific Review*, December, 1921. He goes on:

If you like Paul half as well as I do, I am sure you would all enjoy "Paul Bunyan and His Big Blue Ox," published for the amusement of our friends by the Red River Lumber Co. Minneapolis, Westwood, Cal., Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, 1922. I hold a brief for the Red River Co. as lumbermen—we make our own lumber in Tacoma—but I do appreciate their recognition of both Paul and Esther Shephard. They give full credit for her valuable work, and also a lot of information as to the origin and growth of the Bunyan legend. The pamphlet is beautifully printed and the illustrations by W. B. Laughead are "priceless" in conception and execution. Write to any of their offices if you would like to see real pictures of Paul, Babe, Big Ole, Johnny Inkslinger, Sport, the Reversible Dog, *ad lib.* and *ad inf.* It may not be literature but it is real stuff, and to my taste Paul, like Cappy Ricks is a character who suffers rather than profits from attempts to "doll him up." Both he and Cappy are too good in themselves to be sugar coated.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

MUSEUM AT MAINZ

A QUARTER of a century ago printers from all over the world met in the beautiful city of Mainz, Germany, to celebrate the fifth centenary of the birth of Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type and the first printer to use it. At this celebration a memorial was discussed, which took shape June 26, 1900, in the founding of the Gutenberg Museum. It grew rapidly and seemed destined to become a repository for everything connected with Gutenberg and the art of printing. The whole civilized world appeared to be interested in the idea.

In 1914 came the World War. This cut off all interest outside of Germany. Ten years of war and the bitterness of reconstruction nearly eliminated German interest. Two or three years ago came the report that the museum faced destruction. At this critical juncture, a little over a year ago, the chairman of the committee of the New York Employing Printers' Association, Edward E. Bartlett, while visiting Europe, became interested in the re-establishment of the museum on the pre-war basis.

On returning home he interested not only his own association in the museum's plans, but also the Grolier Club and the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and the enrolment of patrons outside of these organizations followed. It is now proposed to publish an international memorial of printing to which eighty experts, representing more than a score of Continental and American countries, will contribute. Elaborate plans for carrying out the original idea of the museum through international coöperation is in full swing and America can be depended upon to do more than her part.

At present the city of Mainz is preparing for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the museum. A representative exhibition of the finest specimens of German printing during the past quarter of a century is about to be opened. This will be preceded by a meeting where Dr. Erich von Rath, president of the commission for the preparation of a complete catalogue of all known incunabula, which is now being compiled, will deliver an address connected with the subject.

The Gutenberg Library, which aims to possess books in every language dealing with Gutenberg and his invention, can only be completely successful through the coöperation of all nations. It should receive the support of printers all over the world, not only in admiration of the first master printer, but as a tribute to the art of printing which has been such a wonderful factor in the progress of the human race.

RIVERSIDE PRESS ANNOUNCEMENT

THE following important announcement comes from Houghton Mifflin Company and will be of special interest to collectors interested in Americana and fine typography:

"During the past few months, we have issued a group of notable Americana volumes in special limited editions, and it is our intention to continue our exploration of this wide and important field, collecting, year by year, the choicest material and issuing it in a style that is in every way worthy of the subject matter. For this Americana we have set a standard that embraces not only historical authenticity, but requires as well that a fresh light be thrown on the phase of American history under discussion—that it illuminate and elaborate it and further that the theme itself shall be interesting. For by so doing, we hope to make these books of value to the collector and of interest to the student and general reader. Beginning with the days when Bruce Rogers designed our Riverside Press Editions, we have employed master craftsmen to do honor to such books as these,—always the result of much study, often the work of a distinguished scholar,—issuing them as limited editions in a format selected with a careful reference to appropriateness and a dignified beauty."

SALE OF GWINNETT SIGNATURE

AMONG the new high records made in the auction room in the season just closing, that of the signature of Button Gwinnett, Signer of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia, at Henkel's, in Philadelphia, will hold an important place. It has been pointed out that this signature, attached to a mortgage, brought $14,000, or $1,000 for each of the fourteen letters,—a price that has no close parallel. The story of this dramatic event and the soaring prices of signers' autographs was recently told in a full page article in the New York *Times*. Here is a paragraph:

"When the Gwinnett mortgage was put up the atmosphere grew tense. All the experts knew that the last Gwinnett to be sold brought $4,500, so no one was surprised when a dealer, Charles Sessler, started the bidding at $5,000. Then Dr. Rosenbach, another well-known dealer, threw a bombshell by raising the bid to $6,000. Then a battle royal began. Sessler had bid $13,500 and Rosenbach had countered with $14,000. Then Sessler dropped out. Dr. Rosenbach sold the document a month later to Charles F. Jenkins of Philadelphia, whose collection was lacking only the Gwinnett." The price paid is said to have been $15,000."

RISE IN RARE BOOK VALUES

IN the current number of *The Bookman's Journal* is given a list of twenty of the most valuable unique books lost to England at the recent dispersal of the two additional parts of the Britwell Court Library at Sotheby's. Many of these treasures came from early-nineteenth century collections, like the Heber, and the prices of those days compared with prices now make an illuminating commentary on the extraordinary rise in rare book values in the last century. For instance, the lowest priced item of these twenty was Thomas Phaer's "The Regiment of Lyfe," London, 1544, black letter, bought for 1s. 6d. at the Thomas Caldecott sale in 1833, which sold for £65. The highest priced item, T. H.'s "Oenone and Paris, A Poem," London, 1594, a plagiarism of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," was also bought at the Caldecott sale for only 16s. and realized the handsome price of £3,800. So far as it has been possible to trace the original cost of these rarities the highest price paid was £6 6s.

NOTE AND COMMENT

ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH, one of the best known rare book dealers in this country, located for many years at 4 East 39th Street, has removed to 587 Fifth Avenue, the heart of the rare book business in this city. Mr. North intends to reduce his stock and specialize more than ever in rare and valuable first editions.

English booklovers and collectors take the loss of their literary rarities very philosophically. *The Bookman's Journal*, which is in close touch with this class, can speak for them with authority. It says: "The only long-sighted view regarding the passing of some among our literary treasures to the book cupboard of Uncle Sam has already been expressed in these columns. The renewed outcry, however, of those who predict our entire denudation of rare volumes makes imperative the reiteration of that view. No one can deplore the securing by a country comparatively young in culture and in tradition of books that are not unique specimens. Our regret is naturally keen when unique. . . . copies leave our shores; but it must be remembered that of over 90 per cent of the literary rarities bought from us our national collections hold fine examples, and that the occasional unique item is usually generously available for our study. American littérateurs—critics, bibliographers, students,—are making excellent use of a great proportion of their acquisitions from us. And are not such acquisitions—although removed from their spiritual homes—still in the family!

A cablegram from Mainz, Germany, states that the Gutenberg Museum is the recipient of a gift of $5,000 from the United States for the extension and support of the edifice founded in honor of Gutenberg, the first printer from movable type. The American donation was handed to the directors of the museum by Dr. Stempel of Frankfort in behalf of the American committee which collected the funds, representing well-known publishers and printers.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 901)

Poetry

SPHINX OF FLIGHT. By *Marion Cawthorn Smith*. New York: Harold Vinal.

THE HARP OF FATE. By *William F. Kirk*. Small, Maynard.

THE BANQUET AND OTHER POEMS. By *Frances Fletcher*. Dorrance. $2.

RICKETY RIMES OF RIQ. By *Richard Atwater*. Chicago: Robert O. Ballou. $2.

DARTMOUTH VERSE 1925. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press.

WELLESLEY VERSE. Edited by *Martha Hale Shackford*. Oxford University Press. $2.

NEW POEMS. By *John Drinkwater*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

AZRAEL AND OTHER POEMS. By *Robert Gilbert Welsh*. Appleton. $1.50.

SELECTED POEMS. By *W. H. Davies*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

SONNETS AND POEMS OF ANTHERO DE QUENTAL. Translated by *S. Griswold Marley*. University of California Press.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF IRISH VERSE. By *Lennox Robinson*. Macmillan. $1.75.

POEMS. By *Susan Clay*. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

TWENTY POEMS. By *William Barnes*. Duffield. 75 cents net.

TWENTY POEMS. By *Robert Stephen Hawkes*. Duffield. 75 cents net.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. Edited by *J. R. R. Tolkien* and *E. O. Gordon*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

AMERICAN MYSTICAL VERSE. By *Irene Hunter*. Appleton. $2.

WINGS TO DARE. By *Grace Hoffman White*. Portland, Me.: Mosher Press.

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MURDER TALE CREATES SENSATION
READERS GASP AT GRIM QUIZZ

Always Suspected Book Was Thriller, Say Publishers; Author Has Old Crime Story Record, They Admit

Late this spring the reading public was confronted by a book known only as "Afterwards," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. This book described itself as a mystery story of unusual interest. Readers were startled to find that this description was altogether true.

Expressions of opinions are obtainable from several sources. "One of the most satisfactory tales of the season," said the *Herald-Tribune*.

"'Afterwards' is an entertaining and well developed yarn," stated the *Times*.

These opinions come as no surprise to the publishers.

"Even if we had not read 'Afterwards,'" they announced this morning, "Mrs. Lowndes' past actions would have led us to expect this result. Back in 1914 the *Public Ledger* called her book, 'The Lodger', a work of art, while the *London Morning Post* said 'Mrs. Lowndes has produced an almost flawless little masterpiece of horror.' The fact that the setting of this latest book of hers is post-war London, and its characters younger members of the smart set and would-be smart set, is no reason why she should have abandoned the field of her other successes. We are afraid that Mrs. Lowndes is an incorrigible spreader of terror."

Take along a copy of
AFTER-WARDS
this weekend
$2
At all bookstores.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE certainly put our foot in it when we said that the title of *A. S. M. Hutchinson's* novel, "One Increasing Purpose" was from *Tennyson's* "In Memoriam"—and we deserve what we get for our carelessness. Why on earth we wrote "In Memoriam" instead of "Locksley Hall," and then let it stand, is just one of those sweet old mysteries! * * * *Mary Eleanor Roberts* writes from Philadelphia that we are too young to know our Tennyson, but when she adds, "You couldn't fit 'One increasing purpose' into the metre of 'In Memoriam,'" does she mean those three words or the full line, "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs"? If she means the three words, "One increasing purpose," you certainly *can* fit them into the metre,—viz:

And one increasing purpose runs
I doubt not all the ages through
Each sparkling like a drop of dew
In long processionals of suns

—which we made up, and isn't very good! * * * *Lincoln MacVeagh* thinks we may have been spoofing, and says he is just republishing "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes," by *Ford Madox Ford*, and if he advertised the title as coming from "Locksley Hall" would anyone correct him? "It might be a good test of your contributor's belief that *Tennyson* is coming back." * * * The Reverend *A. C. Dixon*, who recently died, declared the Darwinian theory to be "the greatest known menace to civilization," and *Thomas Dixon*, his brother, *affirms* the Darwinian theory in his latest novel, "The Love Complex." He believes "love at first sight" to be one of the animal survivals in man. * * * Well! Well! * * * We certainly congratulate *Joe Auslander* on his "Sonnets for *Amy Lowell*" in the July first *New Republic*,—as fine a tribute to Miss Lowell as we have seen. * * * The Atlantic Book and Art Corporation of New York will have two novel children's books ready in the early fall. They are Magic-Picture Books, and by means of little paper dolls that can be cut out from the last pages of the book, and inserted into each page from underneath, the book permits the child to invent ever new stories. The books are books and toys at the same time. The drawings are by *Ernest Kutzer*. * * * We have been reading with great interest the 60th Anniversary number of the *Nation*, full of fine and deserved tributes to a grand fighting periodical. * * * *Herbert Quick's* autobiography will be out this autumn. It is now running in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Quick began "One Man's Life" last year soon after he finished "The Invisible Woman," completing his midland trilogy. * * * Quick was once Mayor of Sioux City, and cleaned it up politically; he was also an agriculturist and a lawyer, as well as a statesman. * * * We saw *Doug Fairbanks* the other night in "Don Q, Son of Zorro," and pronounce it the best film in which we have ever seen him, though we understand that "The Mark of Zorro" was even better. "Don Q" brings again to memory those talented romancers, *K* and *Hesketh Pritchard*, who wrote the original stories on which these films are based. They were monstrous good yarns! * * * "News and Views of Borzoi Books," in speaking of the fact that the Censorship Committee for Los Angeles Public Schools cut out from lists of books submitted for the libraries of the Los Angeles high schools about fifty books including some classics, speaks of their excluding among others *Sir Richard F. Burton's* "Anatomy of Melancholy." And how about *Robert Burton's* "Arabian Nights"? * * * The Committee also excluded, amid many, *Laurence Sterne's* "A Sentimental Journey," *Joe Hergesheimer's* "The Three Black Pennys," *Tomlinson's* "London River" and *G. B. Stern's* "The Matriarch." * * * It is to laugh! * * * We read the first instalment of the life of *Edgar Saltus* by his third wife, in *Harper's Bazar*, and found it most interesting. * * * *Gabriel Wells* has got out a brochure on "The Tennessee Cause Celèbre." He tries to weigh in an even scale the pros and cons of the issue involved in the Scopes trial. * * * All Shelleyites will find in the July *Scribner's* an unusually good sonnet on *Shelley* by *Nancy Byrd Turner*. * * * * * * "Brave Earth" and "Seibert of the Island" are good end of June novels. The latter is by a young Missourian who has already achieved a following by writing serials for *Adventure*. He has a highly colored and graphic style. * * * And another good poem in *Scribner's* is *Virginia Moore's* "Escape." In fact the magazine is lucky to have two such poems as hers and Miss Turner's in one number. * * * We hear that there is to be a Russian translation of "Arrowsmith," and that the book will also appear in the Tauchnitz edition. *Sinclair Lewis* and his wife are now residing for the summer in the midst of infinite acreage at Katonah, N. Y. Their son Wells, a young man of charm and sprightly fancy, is also in residence at that spot. * * * A friend has now introduced us to "Thoughts of a Postman" by *Manly Ritch*, published by the author in 1923 in Greenwich, Connecticut. We have found enjoyment in his verses,—and listen to him exhort prospective purchasers!

My book pleased President Coolidge,
Postmaster General New,
Many other men of letters,
And some of the fair sex, too;
One-twenty-five per copy
Is the price, sent C. O. D.;
I'd like to have you write this line:
"Ritch, send your book to me."

* * * Mr. Ritch is a real postman. * * * *John Drinkwater* has edited with introductions a series of Little Nineteenth Century Classics, published by Duffield. Now ready are "Essays," by *Hartley Coleridge*, "Twenty Poems," by *Robert Stephen Hawker*, and a like number of poems by *William Barnes*. * * * The "Letters of *Rosa Luxemburg* to *Karl* and *Luise Kautsky*" have been brought out by McBride. They reveal the spirit of the most brilliant of Europe's revolutionists, who fell in the early days of the German revolt. * * * In "The Earth Speaks to *Bryan*," *Henry Fairfield Osborn* desires the Great Commoner "to observe and hear for himself the great truths which the earth so clearly proclaims," and he dedicates his book to "*John Thomas Scopes*, Courageous Teacher, who elected to face squarely the issue that the youth of the State of Tennessee should be freely taught the truths of Nature and the fact that these truths are consistent with the highest ideals of religion and conduct . The Truth shall make you Free." * * * Everyone interested in the controversy will find an unusually clear statement of facts in Professor Osborn's little book. * * * And so, for the present,

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